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MR. WILSON to the fore! His first lance in the campaign has been broken on the enemy's front. He rejoices that the "genuine national referendum" which he has desired is at hand and that the people themselves are to give a sovereign mandate to their representatives; "they are to instruct their own Government what they wish done." Does the country want its honor vindicated and the Treaty of Versailles ratified, he asks. Well, all the American people have not forgotten that their sacred honor was pledged by this same man in the form of the Fourteen Peace Points upon which the armistice was based, and that subsequently that pledge of honor was forgotten in the sordid give and take and bargaining at Paris. They are not unmindful of their honor now, but unless every sign fails the country has made up its mind that it is going to entrust the keeping of that honor to somebody who doesn't typify autocracy and Palmerism and Burlesonism and the abrogation of civil rights and liberties. They may, as Mr. Wilson insists, be "grossly misled" by false League attacks, but their instinct that the time has come for a new government is sound, even if that is going to be a poor and a reactionary one.

"I AM the State Department," seems to be Mr. Colby's motto, and criticism of his methods is lèse-majesté. Not so long ago his predecessor lost his job for differing with his chief; now Mr. Colby banishes from the Department two press correspondents who presume to question his manner of informing and misinforming the public. Autocracy feels at home in the State Department. The incident involving Mr. Paul Hanna, described elsewhere in this issue, was but the upshot of intense dissatisfaction of other trained and trusted Washington correspondents. Two months ago Mr. Stanley M. Reynolds, correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, called attention to the Department's policy of keeping the country in the dark regarding important international negotiations, and the *Sun* indorsed his position editorially. Mr. Harold Phelps Stokes, correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, dispatched to his paper a similar broadside—it was Mr. Stokes's amazing indictment which induced *The Nation* to take the matter up. When Mr. Hanna accepted *The Nation's* assignment, his course in presenting to the Secretary of State a memorandum of his criticism was correctness itself, contrasting sharply with Mr. Colby's expulsion of Mr. Hanna and his associate Federated Press correspondent, Mr. Todd, from future conferences. To his credit Mr. Todd scorned entrance to the press conferences which the slightest gesture of dissent from Mr. Hanna's letter would have secured.

WHY did Mr. Colby choose to banish these two correspondents and pass over the criticism of two conservative metropolitan newspapers warmly supporting the Democratic campaign? Because, stooping to the familiar trick of other high administration officials, he evidently believed that by centering his virulence on the correspondents of a radical press association, he could effectively draw the red herring across the path of wholly justified, public-spirited, and American criticism of his autocratic, not to say shifty, methods. As the *Editor and Publisher* says editorially: "Exclusion of radicals has become easy, popular, and therefore too common to serve as answer to charges. It would seem that where freedom of the press is involved a more direct and more dignified answer might be expected." That Mr. Hanna's criticism struck home, Mr. Colby's behavior convincingly testifies. Mr. Hanna's fellow-correspondents know where the truth lies. It now remains to be seen whether or not they will have the courage and sufficient sense of professional honor and solidarity to unite in endorsing his protest and in withdrawing from Mr. Colby's wholly barren seances. Such a move would be a constructive effort toward reestablishing the importance and dignity of the press; it would greatly advance the causes of "pitiless publicity" and "open covenants openly arrived at," and materially aid the "grossly misled" electorate in the "genuine national referendum" of which Secretary Colby's chief

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has just spoken so fervently in his first campaign plea.

ADMINISTRATION hypocrisy and Administration suppression of truth are nowhere more evident than in the poor little ex-republic of Santo Domingo, now a province governed by the United States Marine Corps. Washington treats us to a long summary of the sanitary and educational reforms effected by the American military administration, but tells us nothing of the essential facts or of the excesses of American military rule. The Germans improved sanitation during their occupation of some of the villages of northern France, but no officer of the Marine Corps ever suggested that those reforms justified German presence in France. The money which built the schools and executed the health laws in Santo Domingo was Dominican money, and Americans had no business to be there spending it for them. That is the essential underlying fact which whole scrap-books of white-washing reports cannot hide. Our Government attempts to shroud its acts behind a censorship, but by devious ways the facts are slowly reaching the American people. It was only when the story of Fabio Fiallo and his fellow Dominican patriots leaked into the Latin-American press, and when the protests of Press Clubs in Montevideo and Buenos Aires were telegraphed to our newspapers that the American people learned of this latest Junker drama.

FABIO FIALLO, Amerigo Lugo, and Flores Cabrera, three Dominican writers of distinction, ventured to criticize American policy in Santo Domingo. American officers arrested them, and they were tried by American military courts. The sentence was at first secret; rumor had it that they were condemned to death. The story spread through Latin-America. *The Nation* wrote to Secretary Colby on September 7, inclosing a clipping from a Mexico City newspaper, and asking if the story were true. Secretary Colby has not yet replied. Fortunately, the story was exaggerated. Lugo's sentence was never officially confirmed; Fiallo began serving a term of three years' imprisonment at hard labor, and was also condemned—he, a poet—to pay a $5,000 fine. After the story reached the United States via Uruguay, the sentences were first commuted, then suspended. Lugo's crime was writing this:

> Neither the necessity of maintaining herself in this country, nor the pretension of wishing to aid us in return to a condition of internal order empowers the United States of America to lay hands on everything as if nothing had been organized by us previous to the violent outbreak of her soldiers.

Fiallo went further.

> "Dominicans," he wrote, "let us join closely, shoulder to shoulder, and let us form, full of the vigorous breath of liberty, the formidable barrier of resistance which shall break all the spears of intervention as if they were frail reeds."

And Admiral Snowden, solemnly reviewing the verdict of the lower court, commented that the sentence was not rigorous or excessive, and that Fiallo might properly have been condemned to death! These things are done in our name; the facts are suppressed; and those who seek information about them are banished from the State Department.

THE best thing to be said about the American Legion is that its membership includes only a fraction of the men whom this country mobilized for the World War, and that its acts and opinions are therefore not representative. The worst thing to be said about it could hardly be harsher than it has spoken itself in the record of its national convention, just concluded in Cleveland. Although the Legion piously voted to keep out of politics, it proceeded to meddle with at least four political questions—and took the wrong side of all of them. The Legion indorsed the efforts last winter to get bonus legislation through Congress, and instructed its officers to press at the next session the bill that has already gone through the House. A resolution was also adopted in favor of compulsory military training, while the Pacific Coast delegation forced through a declaration calling upon Congress to prohibit immigration from Japan. After the convention itself was over, the new executive committee met and called for the dismissal of Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor, one of the few public officials in Washington who has stood for the enforcement of our laws in relation to the deportation of aliens, as against the illegal methods of the Department of Justice. The diminishing ranks of the Legion would make it less worthy of serious consideration were it not for the fact that the great number of former soldiers outside of it are only slightly organized, and that the public is prone to confuse the voice of the Legion with that of the men who formed our army and navy in 1917 and 1918. Let us disassociate the two.

"WOLF! Wolf!" cry Messrs. Gompers and Woll in the *American Federationist*. Oudegeest for the International Federation of Trade Unions and Adamson for the Council of Action of the British Labor Party, according to these American watchdogs, are stalking round the fold with Lenin and Trotzky, ready to spring. Look at Italy, where Bolshevik teeth are even now deep in the victim's throat. The International Federation has changed its mind about the League of Nations, is no longer willing to accept it even with reservations; the British Labor Party has turned its back on the democratic parliamentary system "which England has evolved by seven centuries of struggles": this points to Moscow and the Third Internationale and the plans of Soviet Russia to swallow the world. But the American Federation of Labor smells the peril and will beware. No mass action by means of a general strike to prevent war in this country! The American Federation, of course, has always stood against the demand for a large standing army, for the limitation of munitions of war, and for the reduction of naval establishments. "But," say the watchdogs with a burst of logic, "if the production of war materials were to cease entirely all small nations would be utterly helpless and at the mercy of their larger neighbors"—presumably because their larger neighbors, having no weapons, would then come in and strangle them with naked hands. Didn't something like this, except for the naked hands, happen to Serbia and Belgium in 1914? Ah, but it is comforting to know that Gompers and Woll will dam the floods of revolution that threaten Europe!

TWENTY-ONE housing laws were passed by the New York State Legislature at its special housing session, but there is little likelihood that the new bills will materially increase the number of houses available for dwelling purposes in New York City. The bills did obviate the needless horrors of the usual October 1 hegira; and in so doing they cut a wide gash in the time-honored principle of the sacred rights of private property. A landlord is no longer lord of his own property; he cannot set his rent or choose his tenants. But the law, which leaves these decisions in

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the irresponsible hands of the overburdened courts, does not go far enough; if the landlord and his tenant are not to settle such questions between them, the final review should be by an expert commission rather than a function of a petty magistrate's mood. And the more important question is not to keep present tenants off the streets but to build new houses to meet the city's growing need. The new bills make State Land Bank bonds a legal investment for city sinking funds, and exempt new building from taxation for a period of years. These steps may help, but there is no conviction that they will meet the crying need. There seem to be but two ways to get houses built—either to remove the restrictions on rents so that they may skylark to a figure that will invite speculative building, or for the city or State to build houses itself.

EVERY day brings additional proof of the necessity of something being done to stop the bloodshed in Ireland. Every day the leading American newspapers carry the ghastly tales on their front pages of towns or villages sacked or burned, of women and children driven from their homes by British soldiers, of "black and tan" police running amuck, of policemen shot down from ambush, of public buildings raided and public officials killed or wounded—in brief, riot, plunder, and terrorism. Reprisals once charged to the account of Sinn Fein are being answered by reprisals for which the Government is held responsible, while so influential a publication as the *New Statesman* charges the Cabinet, and Lloyd George himself, with being responsible for the outbreaks of maddened troops, which the daily press lays to the natural anger of the soldiers. Every day brings justification for the existence of *The Nation's* Committee of 100 to throw light upon what is going on. Every day more men of light and leading in England are protesting against the continuance of the existing situation. Thus so well known a soldier as General Gough has attacked the Government for which he fought so conspicuously in France, because of its Irish policy and Earl Grey has made a proposal for the solution of the difficulty by proposing what is in its essence the Dominion scheme of government plus immediate withdrawal of British troops. He is willing to trust the Irish to govern themselves, but he is met with charges from the jingo press that he is proposing a policy of shameful scuttle —and this well meant effort is also likely to go for naught.

THE combined population of the three largest cities in the United States is something over ten million; their combined area is 605 square miles. Which means that in contrast to an average of thirty-five persons per square mile in the United States as a whole, in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia there are almost 1,700. Ten per cent of the people of the country living in .0002 per cent of the area! These figures are less appalling than they are bewildering; only an inmate of one of these three great cities can begin to appreciate just how much personal discomfort they indicate. And yet this concentration of the population of the United States, more than a quarter of which lives in cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, goes on. The country boy still goes to the city to make his fortune; the farmer finds it increasingly harder to get hands to harvest his crops. Food is plentiful in the country; but the consumers of it are in the cities, and the difficulties in bringing one to the other mount apace.

THAT homespun economist, village epigrammatist, and true folk-philosopher, Calvin Coolidge, has written an introduction to a new edition of Carl Schurz's life of Lincoln. Well, what next? Senator Warren G. Harding would be just the man to introduce John Marshall's life of Washington; Mr. Charles F. Murphy might perform a similar service for Randall's life of Jefferson; the embattled warrior Leonard Wood, for Grant's own memoirs; and Henry Ford, for the sage recollections of Franklin. Such undertakings bind the past and present together in the affectionate and intimate bonds of natural piety. We must not let the deeds of great heroes perish from the earth, but must preserve them as apples of gold in picture-frames of silver. Rue and fennel and rosemary and pansies are all well enough for average men. But the great living recall the great dead by resembling them and interpreting them. Calvin Coolidge is called—by certain loyal Republicans—the Lincoln of the Berkshires. If only his interpretation turns out to be as good as his resemblance!

SOME eighty-odd Hapsburgs are penniless and obliged to go to work. A Geneva dispatch reports that they are forced to accept situations in order to live, some archduchesses becoming governesses, others maids. Here, we submit, is a ray of light amid the darkness of our so-called servant problem. The eighty Hapsburgs and the various other ex-royalties and ex-nobilities of middle and eastern Europe may perhaps be a drop in the bucket. Yet every little helps. Nor can any experienced householder doubt the probable success of such an experiment after a long procession of empresses and absolute autocrats in the kitchen. Nothing more is needed but a warm invitation by the housewives of America. In view of the ancient lineage of the prospective immigrants, the Ellis Island formalities might be waived. The romantic possibilities, to say nothing of the motion picture and serial rights of the ensuing situations, are most attractive. And who would not have a little Hapsburg in his home?

SO the famous old New York *Sun* becomes an evening newspaper and the *New York Herald* takes its place in the morning by fiat of their owner, Frank A. Munsey. Well, it's pleasant to welcome back an old friend in the *Herald* thus brought back to separate life after a brief but most uncomfortable hyphenate existence with the *Sun*, which could not but end in divorce. We welcome it even if there was a good deal of rouge and painted lips and dyed hair about it in the last days of the Bennett regime to hide a premature and needless decay compelled by the fads and fancies of an unworthy owner. Of course, jokes are now in order about the *Sun* setting in the evening instead of rising in the morning; but from the practical newspaper point of view Mr. Munsey is right in changing the name of the *Evening Sun* and divorcing the *Sun* and the *Herald*. It is a curious fact that wherever a newspaper owner has had a morning and an evening edition, the latter has grown faster and flourished better when it had its distinctive title. Of course, neither the *Sun* nor the *Herald* will be else than a conventional paper and the opportunity is vast in New York for a broad, liberal paper more painstaking in its news than any of the many now in existence. A most interesting development is that the *Times* continues to wane. From a daily sale of 393,178 on April 1, 1919, it is now down to 342,553, which is proof once more that you cannot fool all the people all the time.

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A Progressive Bloc

THE great two-ring political circus now showing has ceased to attract even the mildest interest. Tight-rope walker Harding's performance is so crude as to excite little save derisive laughter, while the weapons brandished by sword-swallower Cox are so evidently made of papier maché that the crowd turns its back on the Democratic ring before the real act begins. The sideshows are doing no business at all. The Farmer-Labor tent is utterly empty; a government solicitous for the morals of its citizens prevents the star performer of the Socialist show from exhibiting under its canvas; and the Eighteenth Amendment makes impossible the sale even of red lemonade in the Prohibition booth. A bored electorate, having passed the milestone of Babe's fiftieth homer, turns its attention to an unexampled baseball scandal and the world series. The second four years of Wilsonism were too much for the ordinary American. Judging from all present indications, he has simply made up his jaded mind to jump from the frying pan into the fire by voting for Harding. At Marion they are busy building a super-cabinet to function around a "normal" President.

The real battleground has accordingly shifted to the back porch, where two groups of politicians are striving each to assert a proprietary interest in the amiable stuffed figure that the Republicans have set up as a candidate. Between the parties, no matter how loud they shout, there is no issue, national or international, but within each party there is an issue. The Republicans as a party, of course, are against the Wilson League of Nations, just as the Democrats are for it. But while the dominant Republican group must for partisan reasons fight the Wilson League, they are in reality no less earnest than the President himself in desiring its equivalent. Mr. Elihu Root, recently sojourning abroad in behalf of international peace, may fairly be presumed to have been not inactive during recent months in the difficult task of devising a rubber-tired, ball-bearing substitute for the creaking abomination that was patched together at Versailles. The real issue in this League of Nations business as in all domestic questions is not between the parties, but between the everyday people and the exploiting interests within each party.

It is by no means too early, then, to look forward to the next political development possible from the progressive viewpoint. All indications are that reaction is to carry the coming elections by overwhelming majorities. There is no reason to hope that the next Congress will be notably more liberal in either branch than the present whose members are so busy trying to get reelected. From the action of the majority, then, nothing is to be hoped. But at each end of the Capitol there exists a saving remnant of individuals (they can scarcely be said in either case to make up a group) who have at any rate some realization of the issues and have stood in some measure for the popular interest. Why should not these individuals, without necessarily breaking party ties, yet recognizing the unreality of the issues separating the parties, unite as a progressive *bloc* for common action on the grave questions that must be faced in 1921 and the years following? The League question might well furnish a rallying point for such a *bloc*. As for other issues there are a plenty—labor, transport, the agricultural problem, civil liberty, our fiscal policy, etc.

Certain names at once come to mind: La Follette and Norris and Walsh and Borah, whose political independence has just been demonstrated anew; Johnson, Harris, Capper, France, McKellar, and Sheppard in the Senate, for example; and in the House men like Huddleston, Kelly, Frear, Baer, Carss, Sinclair, Browne, James, Fuller of Massachusetts, Keller, Mason, and Randall of California. There is reasonable hope for some reinforcement of the group in the House, but the course we have suggested depends for its effectiveness, not upon large numbers, but upon courage and clearness of purpose. We recognize full well the difficulties of that course, and we entertain no illusions as to the character of some of these political leaders of ours. But such as they are, they represent the best we have to work with at present; and unless progressives are to despair utterly of political action, they must think out some mode of getting forward in the midst of the prospective wilderness of reaction. We would accordingly urge upon these and other like-minded political leaders the desirability, nay the necessity, of some such action if the progressive thought of the country is not to be voiceless in the next two years. The formation of such a *bloc* might have immediate practical consequences of importance. Should the Senate be closely divided again, as is not impossible, even a small group of Senators, acting fearlessly together with a fairly clear conception of the issues involved, might, by utilizing the partisan division, prevent the enactment of reactionary special-interest legislation that will otherwise slip through.

More important by far is the education which a battle waged by such a group would give to the public. Economic thought in the United States is shockingly backward, and political opinion sadly demoralized. The press is mostly in the hands of reaction, and in consequence it is almost impossible to get before the people the facts on which they might form intelligent opinion and base intelligent action. An informed and courageous minority group could make of these facts news that the dailies could not afford to ignore. The public, it is true, is little interested in Congressional debates. During recent years it has had too little reason to be. Should "a little group of wilful men," however, confident in the rightness of their course, from time to time block the progress of the powerful financial and political machine that is going to ride over us during the next few years, their action and the reasons for it would be real news. A few months of such action would have far-reaching educational results.

Thus, an independent group might well serve as the much-needed point of crystallization for the liberal sentiment of the country now held in solution. Some meaning might, perhaps, be injected into the campaign of 1922 or 1924, as opposed to the mummery of 1920. For the events of the years just ahead are likely to prove highly educational, provided only there be at hand a group of men in position to point out their meaning. In a period of sharp reaction the progressive *bloc* would in this task none the less be working with the times; for the body of the people, after all, are eager for the light. And only the truth can show the way out of the darkness that envelops them.

The frank Republican reaction after March 4 will be preferable to the present reaction with its hypocritical veneer. The issues will be clearer and more easily dealt with through Congressional elections.

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Truth Rising Again

IS Europe dying as Anatole France declares? Sir Philip Gibbs has answered the question in the New York *Times* by an article so compelling and so full of emotion as to have attracted widespread attention. He is plainly so nearly of Anatole France's opinion that the difference between them is of the slightest. Yet he still has hope, for he has a cure. Here it is, idealistic enough to please any pacifist and to arouse the scorn of every practical man:

> There is only one cure for the woes of Europe and our own—not easy, but bound to come unless we are looking for downfall. It is the reconciliation of peoples, burying of old hatchets, wiping out of old villainies and cooperating in a much closer union of mutual help under the direction of a league of nations, made democratic and powerful by the free consent and ardent impulses of the common folk. Before that can happen there must come new leaders, new enthusiasm for the ideals of life, a new spirit of unselfishness and service for the common weal—and just now we do not see them coming.

Beyond all question this is the truth and Sir Philip has again rendered great service in saying it. From him it comes with particular effectiveness, for he was one of the correspondents who "kept up the morale of the people at home"; who lent himself—as he had to in order to stay at the front—to all the lies and falsifications of governments and military. It is as if his conscience now troubled him and so he aids to rise the very truth he helped to crush to earth, at the risk, we fear, of soon being called as many names as those persons who shared Mr. Wilson's belief that there should be peace without victory and who demanded it in 1917 lest Europe perish before the bitter-enders had their way. Today Sir Philip justifies them—unconsciously probably; shall Europe, in chaos and utter disaster, prove the point beyond all cavil?

The old watchword, "the war to end war!" Sir Philip says "now mocks at us with jeering laughter." The English—his English—are experimenting with new poison gases and bombing Arab villages, just as Americans are bombarding those of the Haitians, while the French are placing their hopes in military science as the only safeguard of the future. The effort to cure war by more war, to reform erring peoples by "force without stint," has brought its own penalty with it. The poison engendered has entered into the veins of all the peoples. Every Frenchman, says Sir Philip, admits that France, victorious, is dying and England is only a little less sick of the same disease. All the high moralities with which the world was regaled he now sees have proved only so many death's heads. The comradeships of the war are at an end; the Allies regard each other with suspicion, the French believing that England has grown enormously rich at everybody else's expense. There is no leadership; "nationalism more narrow, more bitter, more selfish than in the world of 1914 has replaced the fleeting hope of many peoples that there might be a real league of nations based upon the common sense of common folk"; "we have fallen back on cynicism as nations, as classes, as individuals." Labor is Sir Philip's greatest disappointment of all—it has scored the "greatest failure of all" in his judgment. But how could he have expected anything else as the outcome? When was there a war which ennobled peoples or classes? When was there a war which did not have its crassly materialistic reaction? When was there a war that did not set back the hands of progress, stay all true reforms?

Our state's witness is sure that Europe will not return to health until it has been through "great agonies." Alas, in no other way can the sins of this guilty world be purged; only by suffering can it be cured of the disease of war which menaces its very existence. It is indubitably because America has suffered so little that it is politically so backward. A great period of travail lies before us all. That it has begun to make men like Sir Philip Gibbs see where the truth lies, and tell it, is one of the most hopeful auguries that the cure of truth, and honesty, and a return to humanity has begun to work.

The Baseball Scandal

THE study of international affairs proves now to have been not absolutely useless to those who follow the news of the scandal in baseball. Whoever it may have been that "fixed" the series, it was some one who ran a modest risk and carried off an enormous swag, like the little gangs of armament makers and investment bankers and natural imperialists who hatch up rows between the nations of the earth. Whoever it was that took the bribe, it was men who got pitifully little for it in the way of actual money but who jeopardized their reputations and careers, tricked their fellows on the team, deceived the public at large, and smirched the credit of the game for a dozen years. The population, as under the workings of *Realpolitik*, suffers: it pays out its money honestly and in return gets a simulacrum; it makes such heroes of successful players as a national population makes only of its successful generals, in the end to find out that something unseen was behind the heroes; it looks on with rapture at the glitter and thrill and magnificent competence of the sport, and all the time is at the mercy of any crook who may buy or throw a match.

The grieved newsboys of Boston typify millions when they pass resolutions condemning the "murderous blow at the kids' game" struck by the "Benedict Arnolds of baseball." Perhaps we had not realized how much the fortunes of baseball hang upon a moral issue. The sport has grown to vast dimensions, involving an amount of money and time and emotion that hardly any other institution in the United States can equal. From the outside it looks like a material enterprise if any thing does. And yet all this investment, all these hours, all this excitement, would fade away if the public could not feel confidence in the integrity of the players. The weather may be tricky or a bat may slip or a ball may bounce in some unexpected way; now and then the best man may go stale or lose his nerve; the professional honor of the player, however, has been taken for granted. Actually we do not trust cashiers half so much, or diplomats, or policemen, or physicians, as we trust an outfielder or a shortstop. The light which beats upon him would do very well for a throne. The one thing which he is not called—many things as he may be called for his blunders—is sneak or traitor. The man at the bat, cheer him or hoot at him as we may, is supposed to be doing his best. There is something about the very nature of the game, played in the bright sunlight with nerves at the very edge of tension, that produces the illusion of a cleanness in the characters of the performers more or less comparable to the sharp, clean movements and instinctive responses of their bodies. Bribery is something to be hatched in furtive rooms, by

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lamplight, and carried out furtively. To find out that famous players have been corrupted is more than to lose faith in them personally; it is to begin to doubt the whole system on perceiving what incongruities may enter in. All may be fair in love and war, but in sport nothing is fair but the rules.

Sordid as the details of this particular scandal have been, there is something handsome in the spirit which they have aroused. The losers of money have had a good deal to do with the hunt for the offenders, of course; and yet the great public has lost no money and is touched only in its sense of fair play. If anything like this degree of decency had been applied to public affairs Mitchell Palmer and Archibald Stevenson and Lusk and Burleson would now occupy a very different status in public opinion. At least it is not without some lesson from public matters that a scheme has been proposed to take the conduct of the sport out of the hands of owners, players, and officials and put it at the service of the people as a whole, by placing the supreme jurisdiction in a group of men not financially interested in the game and so presumably better able to pass impartially upon the ways of the institution. This promises well. How long must we take to find out that it never does to trust the concerns of the public too long or too completely to professionals? Leave the army entirely to the military and you have war. Leave business entirely to business men and you have the maddest exploitation. It is the same with churches or universities or newspapers: there must be an occasional admixture of lay authority or the specialists will move in the direction either of dry rot or of corruption. So, of course, with baseball. The suffrage of the American public has allowed it to grow into towering dimensions. The creature has grown too big to be trusted without some supervision. There is now nothing to do but to take charge of it and keep it within bounds useful to the community which has made baseball what it is.

Fiction and Its Producers

THE profession of letters today means the writing of prose fiction. The poets live on inherited fortunes, or are connected with trade, or occupy editorial positions, or lecture on subjects ranging from polyphonic technique to the practice of psycho-analysis. Only the novelist is a serious breadwinner, and hence it is he who, like the pianist or the architect, must be aware of the problems of rivalry and competition. So in America, casting his eye over the publishers' announcements in any given season, he must be disheartened by the roaring trade driven in imported goods. He knows, too, that these announcements have a solid basis. The average British novel is not imported in sheets—that dubious and tepid honor sometimes bestowed by London on books from overseas. It is set up and manufactured in the United States. It represents a real investment. It competes. It means business.

Our American novelist need be no silly jingo to resent these large inroads upon his natural market. He knows that the world of art is eternal and universal. He quarrels with the sale and influence of masterpieces no more than he does with the shining of the stars. If his own works are masterpieces, he need not fear for them; if they are not, he will yet rejoice in a splendor beyond his reach. What does trouble him is the importation and competition of great masses of perfectly competent, perfectly honest, but, in a high and final sense, perfectly mediocre British novels. We cannot all be Fieldings and Flauberts; we cannot even be Galsworthys or Bennetts. But our American novelist wonders wistfully why we cannot, at least, be our own—well, Sheila Kaye-Smiths. He reads her sturdy tales of Sussex peasants with pleasure as a man and approval as a craftsman. He is thoroughly competent to esteem their definite but quite limited merits. Only, we have our own country folk, he cannot help reflecting, and our own novelists and a larger chance for native products would do so much to sustain the present and fructify the future of our literature.

If he would remedy this state of affairs, our American novelist must consent to subject both his world and himself to a really severe examination. He must begin with the fundamental fact that these British novels of the second rank average a sale which justifies their importation. There is an audience for them. This audience, consciously or not, must find something in these books in which the average American novel is deficient. And, if our American novelist will keep his eye quite steadily on the object, he will find that quality to be intellectual honesty. Let him but examine a few typical American novels of the better sort and make sure. Miss Elsie Singmaster's "Basil Everman" starts out like a book by Sheila Kaye-Smith and ends like one by Archibald Marshall; Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd's "The Book of Susan" begins like a work of Somerset Maugham and continues like one by W. J. Locke. Hence these books are ultimately read in America not by the audience that supports the serious British novel, the audience which, by our premise, the self-respecting American novelist desires to capture, but by the devotees of the meretricious and the mellifluous. Our novelist of the second rank, in other words, lags intellectually behind the very people to whom he should make his appeal and has no one but himself to blame for their preference of his British colleagues.

Why should it be so? Why do nine out of every ten American novels that begin competently wilt into sodden romance or explode into tribal fireworks? Why are they not thought through honestly to the end? There are two chief reasons. The first reason springs from a widespread belief among us—a strange belief for a nation nurtured in democracy—that only the cheap and the false can sell well enough to put bread into a man's mouth and that all the people do, indeed, want to be fooled. The second reason is deeper and more ominous. All honest books, all profoundly true books, are revolutionary because they are revealing, and dangerous to the inner comfort of the unthinking because they are disillusioning. They are written from beyond the psychology of the social group, not from within it; beyond and not within the circle of mass thinking and mass delusion. You cannot be both a scrupulous artist and a safe and sane citizen of Indianapolis or Gettysburg or New Haven. You may be tolerated there; you cannot, if you have kept your artistic mind and vision quite pure, be applauded until you are very famous or safely dead. That is the experience of the ages; it will not alter in America today. Truth and beauty are outcasts. If you want to sit on your front porch in summer, approved by the hardware merchant on your right and the city treasurer on your left for your "wholesome influence" on the young, your income, and your new motor car, you must be content to write "red-blooded novels" and "happiness books" and leave the practice and the true rewards of your art to the less domesticated spirits of an older, wiser, wilder land.

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The Committee of One Hundred on Ireland

THE membership of the Committee of One Hundred on Ireland already exceeds one hundred, and is still growing. More than half of the States of the Union and the District of Columbia are represented. Since the previous issue of *The Nation* went to press the following members have been added:

Bishop Hugh L. Burleson, South Dakota; United States Senator Arthur Capper, Kansas; Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of the *Crisis*, New York City; John F. Galvin, New York City; United States Senator Charles B. Henderson, Nevada; Rabbi E. E. Hirsch, Chicago, Ill.; Bishop J. M. Horner, Asheville, N. C.; Dr. Edmund J. James, lately President of the University of Illinois; James Weldon Johnson, New York City; Miss Anne Martin, Reno, Nevada; Dr. John S. Simon, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, White Plains, N. Y.; Albert B. Unger, New York City; Bishop Cortlandt Whitehead, Pittsburgh, Pa.; United States Senator Robert M. La Follette; Bishop Troy Beatty, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Following the generous suggestion made by Mr. John E. Milholland in a letter printed elsewhere in this issue, *The Nation* has decided to call for general public subscriptions to meet the further expenses of the investigation. It is hoped that the response may be prompt, because the preliminary work of organization is already going on rapidly and the Commission will soon be announced; generous, because the necessary expenses of such an investigation are inevitably very considerable and cannot be completely determined in advance; nation-wide, so that everyone who believes that the truth about the things that are happening in Ireland should be made public may have a share in helping the undertaking. Small as well as large subscriptions will be gratefully received. Mr. Royal W. France has agreed to act as treasurer of the fund, and a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures will be made public in due time.

Mr. John Derham, Town Commissioner of Balbriggan, the Mayor of Thurles, and Mrs. Swanzy, sister of Police Inspector Swanzy who was recently murdered at Lisburn, have already accepted invitations to come to this country and testify before the Commission. Similar invitations have been cabled to the Chairman of the Town Commissioners of Lisburn, and to the same official of the town of Mallow, which was burned and plundered by British regular troops on September 28, in addition to the invitations announced in *The Nation* last week.

On September 21 an invitation to come to the United States as a witness was cabled to Mrs. Thomas MacCurtain, widow of the late Lord Mayor of Cork who was murdered last March. Four days later Mrs. MacCurtain reported that she had been shot at while in her garden and that her house had been raided. On September 28 the Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Protestant Church of England, issued a call to Christians for a week of prayer. *The Nation* immediately sent to the Archbishop the following cablegram:

The Editors of the New York *Nation*, at whose suggestion a committee of over one hundred representative citizens has been formed for the investigation of atrocities in Ireland, express their grateful appreciation of your appeal to Christians for prayer on behalf of Ireland and its people. Our proposed investigation contemplates no political interference or suggestion, but aims only to ascertain facts and to fix responsibility. We are concerned for the plain people of Ireland who suffer and die. Unless moral force can prevail to end disorders, physical force, whose inevitable end is war, must continue to make a peaceable solution impossible. American opinion is deeply impressed by the continued employment in Ireland of British soldiers and police apparently too brutal and lawless to be controlled. While noting with satisfaction recent expressions of concern by the Prime Minister and the announcement of an inquiry planned by the military authorities, such promises of settlement are vain in view of the recent attack upon the person and house of Mrs. MacCurtain, subsequent to the dispatch by us of an invitation to her to come to America in October and testify, and of continued outrages at Belfast, Balbriggan, and elsewhere. *The Nation* bespeaks your Lordship's indorsement of the proposed American investigation, and your help in ending the unspeakable conditions in Ireland which, if continued, may finally wreck all hope of continued friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain.

In response to an inquiry addressed to Mr. E. De Valera, President of the Irish Republic, by the Chicago *Tribune* regarding his attitude toward the proposed Commission, the following statement was made public by Mr. De Valera's secretary on October 4:

In response to your inquiry, I am instructed by the President to inform you that he welcomes any investigation which will reveal to the carefully misinformed world the truth about the atrocities in Ireland. The Irish have nothing to hide, but the English everything.

The President fears that it will be difficult for *The Nation* to institute an effective inquiry. When Mrs. MacCurtain received a cabled invitation to testify regarding the murder of her husband, her house was immediately raided by British forces to destroy the evidence in her possession, and she was also shot at.

The President does not for a moment doubt the good faith of *The Nation* or the humanitarian motives and desire for peace which inspire their enterprise; but he doubts the ability of *The Nation* to secure from the British, whose navy controls the seas, either safe conducts for Irish witnesses or safeguards against reprisals for their families. The cordon of secrecy which the British have drawn round their barbarities in Ireland the British dare not relax, lest the world realize with what callous brutality these zealous champions of liberty in Belgium can improve on the methods employed against that country, giving us not one but many Louvains in Balbriggan, Thurles, and other ruined Irish towns.

President De Valera's statement is of peculiar importance for two things. It assures *The Nation* of his approval of the proposed inquiry, and it places upon the British Government the responsibility for any interference or reprisals to which witnesses who have been invited to appear before the Commission may be subjected. So far as the British Government is concerned, the names of those whom the Editors of *The Nation* have invited to come from Ireland have been given to Sir Auckland Geddes, with the request that they may be communicated to the Government which he represents. Until evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, we shall be loath to believe, notwithstanding President De Valera's apprehension and the lawless proceedings which give it strength, that the British Government will go to the extreme length of preventing any of the persons who have been invited from coming to the United States. We shall hope that the Commission will meet with no obstacles in the performance of the work assigned to it.

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The State Department and the News

By PAUL HANNA

ACCEPTING *The Nation's* invitation "to write us a fact article on the methods of the State Department in the matter of news," I advised Secretary Colby, through his aide, Frederick A. Emery, of the plan to write such an article telling the truth as I saw it about the rules which govern his twice-daily interviews with the newspaper correspondents. The "incident" which Secretary Colby created is the result of that journalistic effort.

It is unfortunate that we cannot reproduce here the defense of these rules, which Mr. Emery immediately volunteered. It would illuminate this whole controversy as nothing else can. It was such a defense that when I said it would look worse in print than any of my charges against the system, Mr. Emery became greatly agitated and declared I must not print a word of what he had said. "I spoke only in an off-hand fashion," he insisted. Ten minutes later we had agreed on a possible way to satisfy my wish to print the State Department's own justification of its press rules, together with my description and criticism of them. I would put my grievance in writing. Mr. Emery would consult with his chief. Secretary Colby would reply or not reply, as he should see fit. Therefore, I addressed Mr. Frederick A. Emery by letter, on September 27, saying:

DEAR MR. EMERY:

My criticism of rules governing press interviews at the State Department, which is supported by many journalists and a growing body of citizens, may be expressed as follows:

These rules permit the Secretary of State to "inspire" any kind of story he may desire, while at the same time forbidding reporters to tell what the Secretary of State has said to twist or taint the news.

These rules forbid reporters to attribute, directly or indirectly, to the Secretary of State statements for which the Secretary of State is wholly and exclusively responsible, and which he has directed the reporters to publish.

These rules permit the Secretary of State to repudiate his first inspired story and to inspire a totally different one next day—concealing his own part in the enterprise and making reporters take the blame for bad judgment, misinformation or plain ignorance.

These rules permit (even encourage) the Secretary of State to contradict himself or reverse his reasoning one or a dozen times in the course of a single interview, with perfect assurance that not a word of the revelation will be printed.

Consequently, these rules make the Secretary of State the most irresponsible diplomatic officer in any considerable nation of the world, excepting Japan.

In other countries a Cabinet Minister must answer or refuse to answer questions directed to him in open sessions of Parliament, and then stand or fall by the decision of the people's representatives.

As a substitute for that democratic procedure, we have in America the press interview, but under the State Department rules the press interview is deftly twisted inside out, so that the Cabinet officer can fill the press with his own propaganda without being responsible for a line that is printed, and never has to deny or acknowledge anything so far as the public is concerned.

We concede that the Secretary of State may properly refuse to answer any question, if he acknowledge responsibility for such refusal. We concede he may properly inspire any newspaper story he may desire, if he accept responsibility for inspiring it.

Under the present rules governing interviews the Secretary of State evades both these responsibilities.

If you will be kind enough to call this list of complaints to the attention of Secretary Colby and procure from him, or with his indorsement prepare, a statement in defense of the press interview rules, I shall be very happy to embody the statement in the magazine article that I discussed with you a few days ago.

Permit me to thank you now for the favor asked, and to remain,

Sincerely,
[Signed] PAUL HANNA

It is important to establish the truth or falsity of those charges against the press interview rules, charges based on a reporter's contact with them for three years. Any answer to the letter, if only a line saying the criticism was beneath serious notice, would have given something in rebuttal. No answer has been received.

Serious attention must now be called to this fact. *All the above charges are directed against the rules.* It is set forth that those *rules permit* the Secretary of State to do certain things inimical to the public welfare and hostile to democracy. What Mr. Colby does or says in defense of the rules—the vigor with which he clings to them—must indicate what use he makes of them. But there are other indications also. Indeed, there is abundant proof of the most direct and absolute character, provided Mr. Colby will remove the press muzzle for just one day and let the reporters write from their notes the things he has said to them in secret during his brief term as Mr. Lansing's successor.

It is for the protection of America's delicate relations with foreign countries, we are told, that silence must be preserved. Have we, then, such delicate relations with the Vatican that Mr. Colby dare not say in public what he has said freely enough behind the press muzzle to discredit the Roman Catholic Church? When Mr. Colby enters upon a bland dissertation of "bigotry," filled with classical allusions to books that the assembled reporters might profitably read to improve their grasp of the spiritual kinship between Romanism, Bolshevism, and Sinn Feinism, does the welfare of the United States require that his remarks be suppressed by journalists who disagree? Or, would a revelation of his remarks prove embarrassing only to the Department, Mr. Colby's personal ambitions, and the prestige of his political associates? Is it to preserve amicable relations with the foreign world that Mr. Colby recites behind closed doors the alleged sinister hoggishness of American labor, as brought to his alarmed attention when he served as a member of the Shipping Board? Are such reminiscences required to enlighten reporters who have assembled to ask questions about our military occupation of Haiti or the progress of negotiations with Japan? And if these suave insinuations to impressionable reporters are out of place, yet entertaining withal, and of no sinister moment, then why are the reporters bound only to ponder their implication without revealing their source? We grant it is desirable in this year of grace that those members of the American Federation of Labor who toiled to build ships during the great war should not be offended by knowing what Mr. Colby thinks of them. It is consequently proper that Mr. Colby

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should not express his opinion of them, even in the corrupting secrecy of intercourse with the reporters.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," is a proverb full both of sentiment and prescience. Mr. Colby's secret conference is the cradle of most of the diplomatic news coming out of Washington. And, as the cuckoo lays her egg where she has no right, leaving it for other birds to hatch, so does Mr. Colby line the daily interviews with his infant ideas, for the correspondents to father and feed. It does not relieve the evil of this practice to say that only a few reporters in the class are deceived or misled by their instructor. Our theme is the rules and Mr. Colby—not the reporters—whose remarks as they leave the interview exhibit a protective callous of cynicism for which the public should give thanks. But the constant dropping of propaganda wears a hole through indifference, and State Department reporters must produce copy. What the Secretary of State knows has not been revealed. What he has said may not be repeated, paraphrased, or in any manner indicated as coming from him. The inevitable alternative is the "dope" story, and the safest of all "dope" is an echo of the Cabinet member's generalizations, for which the reporter and his paper become exclusively responsible.

During my innocent first month at Washington I quoted directly in the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* something that former Under Secretary Polk said at the press interview. My attention was called to the unintended slip, and the error (which others had made) I never repeated. Many months later I attributed, without quotation marks, some important statements of fact to Secretary Lansing. I was officially informed that this, too, was a violation of the rules against repeating what was said at press interviews.

In behalf of the Federated Press I wrote a few weeks ago a news story which more or less adequately described the spirit of the press interview, but did not violate the law governing that institution. The questions asked by reporters were set down and in each instance followed by: "Answer given, but suppressed by rules governing interviews," or some similar truthful phrase. So Mr. Colby knew that the Federated Press was in rebellion against rules, which, whatever their justification amid the perils of a great war, seemed now to function only in behalf of wars which Congress and the people have not authorized. And he would not have been surprised to read the letter of criticism printed above, even if its preparation had not been arranged in advance with his publicity agent. I repeat, no answer to that letter has been received. And of the criticism it makes, no refutation has been attempted by the Secretary of State. Yet, if it did not deserve an answer, this communication written on plain stationery and having no connection with anything except the proposed articles for *The Nation*, gave Mr. Colby his chance to practice the arts of a secret diplomacy upon the Federated Press.

Twenty-four hours after Mr. Emery received it, Mr. Colby read aloud from the letter to the assembled reporters and described it as a reason why the Federated Press was unworthy to be represented at the press conferences. By this action, I can only assume, Mr. Colby hoped to discredit an indictment of his office which he could not refute, before the indictment could be published as planned.

The Federated Press is a growing news agency of labor and farmer journals. Being the advance guard of printed disagreement with established exploitation, it has received the first blow. Let others who prize their freedom beware!

Two Ways With Albania

By HIRAM K. MODERWELL

Rome, July 25

HALF a dozen nations had their troops in Albania during the war. Four of them continued to maintain them in or near the country after the armistice. There were Italy, Greece, and Jugoslavia, who regarded the country as pie for themselves; and France, who regarded it as pie for her friends. But when the pie was finally opened the birds began to sing, causing no end of trouble and embarrassment to all. The discovery that their loot had strangely become a living thing made all four nations, and the Supreme Council, too, scratch their heads. They excogitated two policies—classic imperialist policies—to handle the situation. Out of the comic conflict of these has emerged the present Albanian nation, now but one step removed from full independence.

First the old military notion. Albania was *territory* to be held or divided according to political or economic considerations; if the "natives" should "rebel" they would be "punished." No other theory guided the great Powers in their early treatment of the country. The Albanian state was constituted in 1913, upon the insistence of Austria, to prevent the expansion of Serbia to the sea; its subordination to Austro-German influence was tacitly recognized in the gift of a German king, the Prince of Wied. The Entente scarcely liked the settlement. It was the last concession to Germany, in anticipation of the Great War that was to come.

With the outbreak of war, Austro-German claims to Albania, in the opinion of the Entente, lapsed. They regarded the land simply as prize-money for their allies, present or future. By the Pact of London, Italy, having received the promise of Istria and half of Dalmatia and a section of Albania around Valona, promised not to oppose the division of the rest of the country between Serbia and Montenegro on the north, and Greece on the south. The pact, of course, was kept secret from the Albanians as from the rest of the world.

So much for way number one. Italy occupied Albania for "military-strategic" reasons and used it as a highway to the Saloniki front. But with "no intention of permanent occupation." Liberal policies were in the air. The Russians were proclaiming the rights of peoples to self-determination. Trotzky was about to spread copies of the Pact of London to the four ends of the earth; even in primitive Albania, without telegraphs or newspapers, the news would eventually penetrate. In June, 1917, at Argirocastro, General Ferrero, in the name of his Majesty the King of Italy, proclaimed with all solemnity the integrity and independence of the Albanian nation. The Albanian chiefs, menaced by Greeks and Slavs, accepted Italy as their protector.

So things stood at the time of the armistice, with the two imperialistic policies going strong—one based on the theory that Albania was territory, the other on the theory that Albania was a "people." There was something to be said, in the councils of professional politicians, for the first theory. Albania, since the time of the Turkish conquest, has never had a government. The Turkish governors and prefects milked the country for what little was to be got out of it, undertook a few ridiculous public works, and for

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the rest rejoiced in their harems to their souls' contents. Without administration, without any dependable system of justice, without means of communication, the Albanians fell back on their old tribal system which must have been flourishing when the Hellenes conquered them in 1000 B. C. and borrowed their gods. The tribes elaborated their own system of law and justice, handed down by tradition in the memories of their elders. Disputes within the tribe were settled by a solemn council. Wrongs done their members by members of other tribes were punished by the tribe itself. Vendettas continued endlessly through the centuries. For the rest, the people cultivated their fields with their wooden plows, span and wove, and occasionally traveled mule-back over trackless plains and hills to buy simple knick-knacks in the villages. Of course, such men readily consented to become mercenaries in the petty local wars of the region. The Allies took advantage of the situation, arming the Albanians against the Austrians and Bulgarians, as the Austrians armed them against the Italians—as, indeed, the Italians later armed them under the fancy dress of "Montenegrin royalists" and the Serbs armed them under the equally fantastic disguise of "Jugoslav patriots." It is not surprising that worried statesmen in Rome and London were inclined to regard Albania as "territory."

Yet the Albanians have at least as good a right to be regarded as a "people," in the Wilsonian sense, as the little gobs of folk who now form the free and independent Baltic nations. Whether or not they are actually the descendants of those Pelasgians who once inhabited all the Balkan peninsula and were driven westerward first by Hellenes and then by Slavs, they are certainly children (and almost unmixed children) of the Illyrians whom the Romans found across the Adriatic. Their language, which is of Indo-Germanic origin, shows few traces of neighbor influence until recent times. Their history is even distinguished. If Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was not an Albanian it is not clear what he could have been. Certain it is that Skanderbeg, ally of Venice against the invading Turks, was pronounced by the Pope "Defender of the Faith." The Turkish dominion was never secure. When the Turks were not being annoyed by the successive uprisings they were tolerated because they did not mix much in Albanian affairs. The Young Turks sent an army of more than fifty thousand to reduce the country to an obedient province; it was ambushed and the few survivors were sent back without having accomplished a thing. In the first weeks of the Balkan war of 1913 the national flag went up in Valona, and the Turks were driven out for good. But the Albanians have been fighting against one enemy or another ever since.

Now the country, although it is not rich enough to have been worth plundering, has in these days certain distinct values to interested imperialisms. Scutari in the north, with its almost impregnable defenses, forms an excellent port for some hypothetical Jugoslavia that shall have built the necessary railways. Valona, in the center, matches up with Brindisi and forms one of the gate-posts to the Adriatic. The high southern coast overlooks the famous island fortress of Corfu and, in unfriendly hands, renders it useless. In addition there is some mineral and agricultural wealth, and the opportunity for pretty map-drawing.

So with the coming of the armistice four imperialisms began to try their ways with the country. Theoretically it was to be held under the orders of the armistice commission (except Valona, which was tacitly recognized as Italian property). Theoretically, the occupying troops were to be assigned by General Franchet d'Esperey. Actually, the French and Italians scrambled for possession of Scutari, and the Italians reached there first. The French lodged in Koriza and the Greeks and Serbs looked on hungrily.

From this point on the decencies of international behavior were forgotten. Forgotten that Albania was not enemy territory, but a free and sovereign nation; forgotten that the land had never been invaded but only "crossed" for the purposes of war. Each country played its own game. The Italians fumbled toward a "friendly protectorate"—except only for the Valona region which had been assigned to Italy in full sovereignty. The French looked out for the interests of their ward, Jugoslavia. The British seem to have aimed at securing the territory opposite Corfu for their ward, Greece. The Greeks and Serbs worked with money and propaganda, the Serbs also seizing Mount Tarabosh, from which they today have their guns pointing on Scutari.

"The Albanians," said an Italian naval officer to me, "are animals. They need a firm hand."

It sounded familiar. It was, in fact, way number one come back again and left, as always, to the execution of the military. First there were the classic pranks with a hand-picked government. The ministry which sat in Durazzo agreed to hand administration, police, customs, justice, nearly everything that a government may possess, to the Italians. In the meantime the army did what armies must necessarily do—irritated the population with lordings and threats and pryings and petty persecution. It does not appear that the Italians were especially cruel, although the Albanians excitedly swear that they have frequently killed in cold blood. But against this irritation the Italians' admirable road-building and town administration availed nothing. Their "firm hand" became all too obvious.

In January the tribesmen met at Lushina. They compounded their tribal differences in a "bessa" or truce, according to the forms of their ancient law. Then, being in very fact a constituent assembly, they declared themselves a parliament and constituted a government with its seat to be at Tirana. The Italians chose to consider them rebels. They sent troops to occupy Tirana; placed machine guns in the principal streets and before the principal buildings, gave orders that the pretended government and parliament would not be allowed to meet. The pretended government and parliament insisted on their right to meet, and met.

The first act of the new government was to invite the Italians to leave the country. The Italians did not reply. There were little skirmishes in which the Italian patrols were usually outnumbered and defeated. The districts and the towns gave their adhesion to Tirana, from Scutari to Argirocastro. The old hand-picked government evaporated. In the whole country there was no opposition to Tirana save from foreign-paid mercenaries. And this in a land where every man and boy has a gun and any village could have resisted and maintained itself an independent republic.

The new government, without money and without troops, set out to organize a nation. They sent prefects to all the districts, and the prefects were accepted. They called for volunteers to repel the attack of Essad Pasha's Serb-paid rebels, and repelled them. They took over the customs, accepted the proferred allegiance of the various Albanian military formations organized by the Allies for use in the late war. They formed a gendarmerie. They announced that

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they would maintain, until their last sharpshooter was dead, the independence of Albania as solemnly recognized by the Powers in 1913, against Italian, Greek, and Serb alike.

Then a strange change came over these latter countries. They suffered a sudden attack of Christian charity. Italy withdrew her troops from the whole inland, retaining only small garrisons in three or four coast towns, and several regiments in the defenses of Valona. She protested sympathy and friendship with Albania in her struggle to maintain her integrity—which she herself had just been bargaining away—against Greek and Serb. Italy had discovered way number two.

But Christian charity is a game which three can play at. Greece now sent her homage and affection to the Tirana government, and Serbia joined in. They would let no rival of theirs outdo them in sympathy and friendship for the oppressed. They would promise not to occupy, under any circumstances, the territory which they claimed until the Powers had made a decision; they would never occupy them at all if their rival Italy should not retain Valona. Which handsome offer meant, in practical language: "Go and attack the Italians in Valona. While you are doing it you have nothing to fear from us."

Then occurred a new d'Annunzio enterprise, Albanian style. The Albanians who had gathered to resist the Greeks before Koriza, began to drift north. Emissaries were sent from farm to farm summoning all to come to the great black mountain which overlooks the Shushitza valley. There the farmers gathered, sleeping on the bare rock, night after night, in hiding while new volunteers arrived. They sent an ultimatum to General Piacentini in Valona, demanding for the Tirana government the civil administration of the city. No answer.

So one night early in June the farmers, armed only with their rifles, moved down from the black mountain and attacked—not isolated patrols this time, but a modern system of fortifications. In a few hours the most of it was over; nearly a thousand prisoners and great stores of munitions and supplies were in Albanian hands and the Italians hemmed within the inner defenses of the city.

There they have stayed, not to emerge, while a fortunate change in government at Rome brought the Albanians fairly trustworthy assurances that the country should be entirely theirs; while an Italian mission dickered with the Tirana government over the terms on which a Valona naval base should be maintained; and while Tirana maintained precisely the attitude toward them that Rome had been maintaining toward d'Annunzio. The negotiations must eventually succeed; the Italian people are not going to fight a war for imperialism in central Albania; the Albanians will accept nothing less than all of their country.

Way number two is a good way. But it is better adopted early than late and ceases to confer distinction when all one's neighbors insist on getting converted at the same time.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Socialist Campaign

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

DESPITE the Communist split of a year ago, which wrecked the party organization in many States without seriously affecting the ranks of Socialist voters, and the Farmer-Labor Party movement, which Socialists feel is at heart a timid socialism intended to ensnare by camouflage, the leaders of the Socialist Party expect this year to more than double their vote of 1916 and to go far beyond their high-water mark of 1912. They have not for years gone into a campaign so poorly organized or so devoid of funds; their strength lies in the personality of their presidential candidate, Eugene Debs, in the reaction from the Albany ouster, and in the general unrest which encourages any protest party.

Debs is easily the biggest and warmest personality among the presidential candidates. He may never be President or even governor or senator, and he might make a poor administrator in high office, but he will be more loved by the two million who may vote for him than will Harding or Cox though they poll twenty million votes. There are some who will not vote for Debs because he is in jail, and many have a vague idea that he is in jail because he sought to "overthrow the government" or something of the sort. But others will vote for him just because he is in jail for a principle and remember his address to the jury that convicted him:

> Gentlemen, I abhor war. I would oppose the war if I stood alone. When I think of a cold glittering steel bayonet being plunged into the white quivering flesh of a human being I recoil with horror. . . . I love the people of my country but I don't hate the people of any country on earth—not even the Germans. I refuse to hate a human being because he happens to be born in some other country. He is a human being endowed with the same faculties . . . and I would infinitely rather serve him and love him than to hate him and kill him.

Debs might have had a pardon had he been willing to recant, or even to plead for one; but he refuses to ask a pardon for himself, despite his sixty-five years, until the last of his fellow political prisoners are released.

Debs's personality is doing most of the Socialist Party campaigning. He cannot speak for his party because he is not allowed to cross the front porch of Atlanta Prison; he writes little, and only when urged. But even a picture of Debs carries something of a homebred Lincoln-like quality. Seymour Stedman, the Chicago lawyer who is the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and other less known party leaders, are making speaking tours, but they have no special trains or brass bands to announce their arrival, and next week's itinerary is sometimes dependent on this week's collections.

New York, Wisconsin, and Oklahoma are the Socialist strongholds. The Socialist ticket will be on the ballot in forty-odd States, but a real campaign in very few. Other State organizations, once well organized, broke up during the war or in the after-war Communist disputes. In Washington, for instance, the Communists won control of the party organization and left nothing but a wreck. In Illinois the Farmer-Labor forces swing the union labor vote. In California, however, where the Communist split left no party organization behind, the party is stronger than ever; Seymour Stedman's meeting at the Coliseum in San Francisco brought out an even bigger crowd than came to hear Debs eight years before, and Upton Sinclair, who left the party

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during the war but returned after the disillusioning Peace Conference days, is conducting a lively campaign for Congress in Los Angeles. In Minnesota the nonpartisan labor organization supports the Farmer-Labor Party State ticket, but Debs for President. Many Farmer-Laborites in other States cannot understand why Christensen does not retire and throw his national strength to Debs. In Pennsylvania, the Reading district, home of James Maurer, the Socialist President of the State Federation of Labor, may come close to electing a Socialist Congressman; in Oklahoma, the party is strong among the tenant farmers. In Wisconsin the Socialists count Victor Berger's reelection in Milwaukee, even though it may mean a third expulsion at Washington, certain; they hope to elect a second Congressman from Milwaukee, and possibly a third from Sheboygan.

But the action of the New York State Legislature in expelling the five elected Assemblymen in January, and three of the five after all five were reelected at the special election in September, has made New York City the storm center of the Socialist campaign of 1920. There, as in Victor Berger's Milwaukee district, the two old parties have joined forces, thereby doing more than years of Socialist propaganda to prove their essential unity of purpose and program. Were it not for fusion, the Socialists would be sure of at least four Congressmen from the city and of at least eight assemblymen. In 1917, indeed, when there was no fusion, they elected ten assemblymen; in 1918, the first fusion year, they elected two; in 1919, five; this year, with fusion against them in eight districts, they have hopes of a dozen assemblymen from the city, and of one or two up-State. The expulsion, defying the basic principles of American government, transformed the Socialists from the outcasts of wartime into defenders of representative government and of the rights of minorities.

As a matter of fact the Socialist program, while undoubtedly radical, contains nothing of the revolutionary phraseology of Russia, and nothing which, but for the name Socialist attached to it, would frighten any ordinary American. It urges the dissolution of the present League of Nations and creation of a democratic international parliament, the recognition of Soviet Russia, no diplomatic or military coercion to protect American investments and concessions abroad, restoration of the constitutional rights of free speech, press, and assembly, repeal of the Espionage Act, amnesty for political prisoners; it declares against deportation of aliens for mere political opinion, against the use of the injunction in labor disputes, for enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment, for nationalization of railways, express service, telegraph lines, mines, oil wells, packing houses, power plants, banking and insurance, and other national utilities; urges immediate payment of war debts by a progressive property tax, provision for current needs by income and inheritance taxes, and full taxation of land held out of use. And this program probably fairly represents the intent of the rank and file of the party. Since the Communists seceded a year ago, the party has shown a pronounced moderate trend. It is parliamentarian, political, democratic. Its leaders have lost something of the old party sectarianism; they are profoundly interested in the Nonpartisan and Farmer-Labor movements, and do not bar the ultimate possibility of fusion with them. If they should elect half a dozen congressmen this year, these might readily cooperate with some of the independent congressmen who are likely to come in, under various party labels, from the West.

Behind the British Coal Crisis*

By FELIX MORLEY

Portsmouth, England, September 10

THE essential reason why the coal dispute in England is proving so hard to settle peaceably—and why, even should this one be settled, another would shortly take its place—is the widely divergent ideas and ideals at issue. Wages and hours are only superficially involved. At bottom the scheduled strike is another phase of the fight the British miners have long been making for nationalization of the mines and industrial democracy in that key industry.

Moreover, the miners are now for the first time on the defensive, and are for that reason the more determined. This strike, unlike its threatened predecessors of the last two years, is not to secure nationalization, but is designed to prevent the Coalition Government's completing steps which would render socialization far more difficult to secure. Both sides know that defeat for the miners would entail loss of much of the ground gained by the industrial labor movement since the close of the war. That is why not only the Triple Alliance but also the entire Trades Union Congress, representing 6,600,000 organized workers, is pledged behind the Miners' Federation.

The British miners, who are 904,000 strong, organized on industrial lines, and incomparably the strongest unit in the labor movement of England, have been advocating nationalization on grounds of economy and national welfare. This agitation reached a climax in the stormy weeks following the armistice, when the miners, by a majority of more than six to one, voted to down tools unless the Government recognized the principle of state ownership of mines. Mr. Lloyd George replied to this threat by offering a royal commission, which should thoroughly investigate the status of the industry under private ownership and make recommendations of such basic alterations as seemed advisable. With some difficulty the miners' leaders prevailed on their men not to strike pending the holding of this impartial inquiry. At the time it was everywhere understood and nowhere denied that the recommendations of this commission would be held binding by the Government.

The royal commission made its very thorough investigation in the spring of 1919, and on June 20 the chairman, Mr. Justice Sankey, presented his report to the King.† The first recommendation of this majority report was "that Parliament be invited immediately to pass legislation acquiring the coal royalties for the state and paying fair and just compensation to the owners." The second recommendation of this report was "that the principle of state ownership of the coal mines be accepted."

The proceedings of the Sankey commission are justly famous, and the salient facts about the British coal industry which were brought out are in the thoughts of every miner today, even though the public may have forgotten them. It was shown that certain members of the nobility obtain as much as three pounds an hour out of coal, from the mere fact of inherited possession of land taken by their ancestors

* Since this article was written a compromise has apparently been effected between owners and miners by which the latter receive satisfactory wage increases, and the danger of an immediate strike greatly diminished.

† The so-called Sankey report, printed in International Relations Section of *The Nation* of May 3, 1919, is there referred to in good faith as "accepted by the British Government as its proposal for the settlement of the dispute." Extracts from the hearings of the British Coal Commission appeared in *The Nation* of June 14, 1919.

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centuries before coal became a factor in the life of man. It was shown that under private, competitive ownership and operation, even with controlled prices, the householder paid more than three times the total labor cost of production for every ton of coal. It was shown that in the last twenty years 3,500,000 miners have been seriously injured while at work, and that during the year 1913, 1,753 miners were killed outright in the mines, a majority of these casualties being caused by the insufficient safeguards and overdriving consequent to the system of royalties and private profits.

But popular apathy, the greater by reason of the strain and weariness of the war, enabled Lloyd George to proceed along lines perilously near direct action. He contemptuously cast aside the majority report of the royal commission with its recommendations for nationalization. On that day the revolutionary spirit took root in British labor, for the unexplained rejection of the Sankey report aroused the most intense indignation in its ranks. At the annual Trades Union Congress held in Glasgow, September, 1919, a resolution in favor of "compelling" the Government to accept the Sankey report was passed by a vote of 4,478,000 to 77,000. Lloyd George talked bolshevism and sat tight.

On December 9 and 10 of last year, in accordance with the instructions of the Glasgow congress, labor met in London in special session on the mines issue. Final decision on a general strike for nationalization was deferred three months, and it was decided to utilize the interim period for intensive publicity and propaganda. This effort, however, revealed a majority of citizens entirely apathetic to the issue and concerned only with getting their coal. Those who were following the struggle recognized that it was one between two minorities. The minority of Lloyd George, the dukes, the colliery owners and their active sympathizers in "big business" was infinitely the smaller of the two. But it controlled the Government.

Early last March the miners again urged, by a union vote of 524,000 to 346,000, that the general strike be adopted. The closeness of this vote showed that the Lloyd George coup had been successful; the Sankey report had been made a "scrap of paper," but even so labor could not yet bring itself to abandon the tradition of parliamentary government. On March 11, in bitterness of heart, the adjourned special congress reconvened, and voted 3,732,000 to 1,015,000 against "trade union action in the form of a general strike." The miners were given a sop in the form of a small wage increase, and so the situation rested until the emergence of the present crisis a month ago. That which brought this crisis about was the Government's announcement that its wartime control of the coal industry would be completely removed at the earliest possible date. Under existing legislation this control may be continued until August 31, 1921, with the possibility of a further extension of six months.

The present system of control is, of course, purely an emergency measure, and its retention will not at all advance the socialization of the industry. Removal of control, on the other hand, would obviously greatly retard socialization. It would mean restoration of the old prewar system intact, with multiplicity of wage schedules, conflicting methods of operation, and general disunity of government in the industry. Against such an eventuality the miners stand defiant. Furthermore, and in this is found the real proof of the miners' sincerity, the removal of control would undeniably result in domestic coal prices reaching the famine level current on the Continent, and in the consequent profits to the industry the federation would share heavily. But with the miners in this struggle, anxiety to gain more money for themselves is very secondary to the deep-rooted desire of breaking the vicious circle of ever-rising living costs.

It is now necessary to consider briefly the history of the Government's campaign in preparation for decontrol. The outstanding events in the history of the labor side have already been given, and in what follows the reader is asked to note a rather striking parallelism of dates. A comparison gives ground for the belief that someone in officialdom has been as unscrupulous as astute in leading up to the present situation.

The first postwar increase in the price of coal was for six shillings a ton and came on July 21, 1919, after the excitement roused by the royal commission's inquiry had died away, but before it was definitely known that the Government would not act on the Sankey report. That is the first, but not the most striking coincidence of chronology. The next move, a ten shilling per ton *decrease* in the price of household coal, came December 1, 1919—just eight days before the scheduled meeting of the Trades Union Congress, to act on the Government's rejection of the Sankey report. The sequel shows that economic justification for the decrease was not considered—today the Government would permit a strike rather than see a decrease—but there was good reasoning behind it for all that. The effect of this sudden ten shilling a ton reduction in influencing popular psychology against a strike for nationalization was eminently successful.

This ten shilling reduction was allowed to stay on all through labor's propaganda campaign for nationalization. It helped greatly in causing labor finally to renounce the general strike at the second special congress of March 11, and then it was allowed to stay for two months more—until the public did not need much coal because of the advent of summer, and had almost forgotten a coal crisis had ever existed. On May 12 came the step which is directly responsible for the present crisis. By Government order the price of household coal per ton shot up fourteen shillings and two pence—industrial coal four shillings and two pence increase—making up the ten shilling reduction of five months earlier and over forty per cent to boot. For this juggling there was the scantiest economic justification.

The fundamental reason of the miners' two demands is now apparent. To prevent decontrol the present gigantic surplus, ten per cent of which finds its way into the pockets of the coal owners, must be absorbed. The miners ask, first, wage increases totaling £2,250,000 a month, to which they seem quite entitled under the Government's policy of adapting wages to rising living costs and the profits of the particular industry. The second demand is for the removal of the imposition of fourteen shillings and two pence a ton. This would absorb £3,070,000 a month. The two together total £5,320,000 a month. If both are granted they will still leave a clear monthly balance of £680,000 surplus profit to the industry as a whole. But to grant this means that the industry will have to be treated as a unit, with some of the surplus earnings of the more profitable areas transferable to the poorer areas. And this again means the continuation of control. Over the issue of whether or not the coal industry shall be treated as a unit, a much bigger issue than it sounds, has arisen the present crisis. What it may lead to, in view of present conditions in Europe, none can say.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter on his occasional sallies into downtown Manhattan becomes acutely aware of the rights of militant minorities, and the wrongs of deportation, and he is always amazed at the capacity of his colleagues on *The Nation* for unwavering, unstinted, almost cosmic sympathy. Haiti, Ireland, Russia, Santo Domingo, Korea—no remote corner of any continent escapes the editors' understanding hearts. Still, one race has gone unnoticed, one of the most ancient of European tribes, now brutally threatened with death or deportation. The Drifter came upon it in a letter to the editor of the London *Spectator:*

SIR: Will you intercede for the apes of Gibraltar? It is stated in the Press that an order has been issued for their destruction or deportation. They are the sole representatives in Europe of the Barbary ape, and have been at Gibraltar for centuries, probably ever since the occupation by the Moors. Hitherto they have received the protection of the Government, and when, in 1908, they had dwindled to five females the Governor, Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, caused another pair to be imported in order to save this most interesting tribe from extinction. My own garden and others sometimes suffered from their depredations, and an artillery officer at one time complained that the apes interfered with the drill of his battery. The wife of another officer was much alarmed by the sudden appearance of an ape in her room, looking over her shoulder into the mirror. But such inconveniences were submitted to for the sake of preserving the well-known and very interesting animal which has been so long connected with the history of the rock. I hope the present Governor may be persuaded to imitate his distinguished predecessor, and to allow a small family of these apes to live in freedom on Mount Calpe. I am, sir, &c.,

E. R. KENYON, *Major-General*
(Formerly Chief Engineer, Gibraltar)

Will the embattled editors let the apes of Gibraltar die out? Shall Mount Calpe go without its free family of apes? The Drifter appeals to the editors of the *Spectator* and *The Nation* to join hands across the sea to save the apes.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has noted in the advertisements of a well-known dictionary that many new words have been added to the language, among them "buddies" and "blighty," which he had always considered mere slang and not fit for anything as solemn as a standard dictionary. He wonders if the dictionary makers, like the census takers, gain a large measure of pride in mere added numbers and whether they are equally eager to discard the outworn and the obsolete. For if war has added new words, prohibition surely has subtracted others. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Marblehead Plebiscite

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I took a straw vote on the coming election today. At the Home for the Feebleminded I found that nearly everyone is going to vote for Cox, while at the Town Insane Asylum they are almost unanimously pledged to Harding. Inasmuch as there are sixteen in the Home for the Feebleminded and thirty-seven in the Town Asylum, it looks as though Harding would get it.

Marblehead, Massachusetts, October 1 WALTER C. HUNTER

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Drama

Max Reinhardt

IT is not often that a man retiring from public activity at the age of forty-eight may be said to have changed permanently the character of the art which he has practised. Yet to say that of Max Reinhardt is, in one sense, to say too little. It may be justly urged, from another point of view, that he has created a new art or, at the least, transformed a professional activity into a creative one. For the essence of this man's work is not to be sought in his revolving stages, his tiny or gigantic playhouses, or even in the unexampled wealth of great dramatic literature which he persuaded his public to accept. His secret is his inner and initial conception of his task; his triumph is in the lonely hours of contemplation before his vision was transferred to the theater.

What was the character of the vision that came to him? It was a vision of the play's soul, of its innermost nature in terms of images and sounds. What came to him was the play's intimate "style," its inner music, its inevitable rhythm of tone and color. The sudden vision revealed to him how, in this special instance, the "intensity of nature" could be equaled—the intensity of the play's own interpretation of nature, be it observed. For Reinhardt's imagination is synthetic, not analytic. He spent his apprenticeship with Otto Brahm, first of the great naturalistic directors. But he himself is a neo-romantic through and through. Hence his close affiliation with Hofmannsthal and the younger members of the Viennese school; hence in so many of his stage-pictures the eerie grace and wild, haunting loveliness that allies him to the spirit of Moritz von Schwind and the romantic painters. The vision that came to him was, in brief, one of a special kind of beauty answering a special soul in art. So, brooding over "A Midsummer Night's Dream," it came to him that this piece was a forest poem—Waldgedicht. He saw the forest in its changing moods; he saw the creatures of the play blend with or detach themselves from the trees and glades. He heard the forest music. He saw and created a vision of the forest—Shakespeare's and also his own. The spectators were persuaded to yield imaginatively to the vision and this now celebrated production was performed nearly a thousand times! What the "sacred bard" is to the hero, Reinhardt has been to the bard himself.

Having seen his vision, he forced himself to work with all the national passion for scholarly thoroughness and accuracy. He read the commentators of the poet and the play, the political history of the play's period, the history of its manners and its art. But his intention was never realistic reproduction, never a cold historicity; he sought the symbolical detail that blended with and interpreted his original vision. Thus in working at his production of "Othello" he found that the rhythm of color which his imaginative grasp of the Venice of 1500 had awakened in him was almost exactly identical with that employed by Carpaccio. And so the whole play was embodied through a restricted scale of tints: leaf-green, yellowish white, gray, brown, brick-red. But in the scenes at Cyprus line and color, within the framework of his own vision and Carpaccio's testimony, were given an added sweep and a touch of sultriness. For here, in spite of the Venetian domination, the Orient began to glow and throb.

Such details and a thousand others Reinhardt recorded in a document known as his Regiebuch. It contained the text of the play and a paraphrase of that text giving the most exhaustive directions for the physical embodiment of his vision. Not until this document was completed did he call his assistants into conference; not until his creative work was done did he enter his workshops or his theaters. And often, after many weeks of labor, he would reject an entire production at its final rehearsal. The vision had been lost; the rhythm was somehow broken; the special beauty he had dreamed had not been born. In that spirit and in no other does art come into being. The perfect and permanent things are difficult and rare. No wonder that it took this man less than twenty years to revolutionize the theater of his country.

His concrete creation of the beauty through which he sought to equal the intensity of nature in terms of mood and light and line and color may be studied in some of his stage-pictures. Take the scene of the banquet in "Macbeth." Every line is a straight line, every angle a right angle. All form is reduced to a barbaric severity. But the two rectangular windows in the background through which the cold Northern stars glitter are narrow and tall—so unimaginably tall that they seem to touch that sky of doom. The torches turn the rough brown of the primitive wooden walls to a tarnished bronze. Only on the rude tables lie splashes of menacing yellow. There is something barren and gigantic about the scene—a sinister quiet, a dull presage. Contrast with this the desolate modernity, the spiritual malady expressed in the upper chamber in "John Gabriel Borkman," or the splendor and gay yet pain-touched passion in "Much Ado About Nothing," or the earnest charm and cool, autumnal grace of "The Marriage of Figaro." These scenes have body. But that body is irradiated by a spiritual life. And that life expresses the creative vision of Max Reinhardt.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

France and General Wrangel

THE recognition by France of the de facto Government of General Wrangel was announced on August 11. On August 30 the *Daily Herald* (London) published the following agreement, which was officially denied but widely reasserted.

For the promise of official recognition by France, and military and diplomatic support against the Soviet Government, General Wrangel engages himself:

1. To recognize with priority all debts due to France by the Russian state and municipalities, to be paid in compound interest.

2. The Soviet Government having been overthrown, France converts all Russian debts to a new loan, at a yearly interest of 6½ per cent for 35 years, with partial yearly amortization.

3. The paying of interest and the yearly amortization of capital is to be guaranteed by:

a. The handing over to France for exploitation of all railways of European Russia for ——— years.

b. The handing over to France of the right to draw customs and port charges at all ports on the Black and Azov Seas.

c. The placing at the disposal of France of the surplus of the corn of the Ukraine and Kuban districts during the —— years, the export before the war to be taken as the basis.

d. The placing at the disposal of France of three-fourths of the exported quantities of naphtha and benzine during —— years, according to estimate of before the war.

e. The surrendering of one-fourth of the quantity of coal in the Don district during —— years.

Note: The number of years for points a, c, d, e to be settled by a special agreement, not yet drawn up.

Points b, c, and e take effect immediately after Wrangel's conquest of the corresponding territories. The sums obtained by the export of raw materials should be used for the payment of interest for old debts.

4. To the Russian financial, commercial, and industrial ministries shall be attached officials of the French financial and commercial chancelleries, whose rights shall be settled by a special treaty.

5. Russia engages itself to restore liability to military service upon the same basis as before the war.

6. France undertakes to restore the Russian rifle and munition factories and the primary equipping of the new army. France and Russia enter into a military offensive and defensive alliance for 20 years.

By a secret treaty is settled the policy of France concerning the border states separated from Russia, and their mutual relations to Russia.

The Conditions of the Third Internationale

AT the Second Congress of the Third or Communist Internationale, held at Moscow in July, certain conditions were formulated which parties wishing to enter the Third Internationale should fulfil. These conditions were printed in the *Freiheit* (Berlin) of August 25, and in the *Bulletin Communiste* (Paris) for September 2. The text printed below follows the French version, additional matter included in the German version being given within square brackets. The press of the German Independent and the French Socialists divide, many calling the conditions impossible; the American Socialists unanimously reject them.

The First Congress of the Communist Internationale did not lay down definite conditions for admission of parties into the Third Internationale. Up to the time of calling the first congress there were in most countries merely Communist wings or groups. The Second Congress meets under other conditions. In most countries there now are Communist parties and organizations. Parties and groups which very recently belonged to the Second Internationale and now desire to enter the Third although they have not become truly Communist, are turning more and more often to the Communist Internationale. The Second Internationale is wrecked. The middle parties and Centrist groups, understanding how hopeless is the outlook, are attempting to lean upon the Communist Internationale which is becoming more and more powerful. Nevertheless they hope to retain a sufficient degree of autonomy to enable them to carry out their old opportunist or Centrist policy. The Communist Internationale has, in a way, become the fashion. The desire of the leading groups of the Center to enter it is an indirect proof that the Communist Internationale has won the sympathies of the great majority of the class-conscious workers of the world and is daily stronger.

The Communist Internationale might be menaced by the invasion of unreliable elements noted for their half-way methods and not yet free of the ideology of the Second Internationale. Furthermore in some of the great parties (Italy, Sweden, [Norway, Jugoslavia, etc.]) which have Communist majorities there remain large reformist and pacifist groups which only wait the occasion to raise their heads again, to begin the active sabotage of the proletarian revolution, and so help the bourgeoisie and the Second Internationale. No Communist should forget the lessons of the Hungarian Soviet Republic. The amalgamation of the Hungarian Communists with the reformists cost the Hungarian proletariat dear. Hence the Second Congress of the Communist Internationale considers it necessary to define with precision the conditions for the admission of new parties and to direct the attention of those parties which have been admitted to the Communist Internationale to the duties incumbent upon them. The Second Congress of the Communist Internationale determines the conditions for membership as follows:

1. The daily propaganda and agitation must have a clear Communist character [and agree with the program and decisions of the Third Internationale]. The party press must be edited by responsible Communists, who have proved their devotion to the cause of the proletariat. The dictatorship of the proletariat should not be discussed as a current and formal phrase; propaganda for it should be such that its necessity, deduced from the facts of daily life, would be obvious to every worker, soldier, and peasant, and regularly noted in our press.

In the columns of the press, at public meetings, in the trade unions, in the cooperatives, wherever the supporters of the Third Internationale have access, the bourgeoisie and also its accomplices, the reformers of all types, must be systematically and unmercifully branded.

2. Organizations desiring to affiliate with the Communist Internationale should regularly and systematically remove the reformists and Centrists from all responsible posts, major or minor, in the labor movement (party organizations, editorial offices, trade unions, parliamentary groups, cooperatives, municipal administrations, etc.) and replace them with tried Communists, without hesitating, especially at the beginning, to replace "experienced" opportunists by workers of the rank and file.

3. In countries where because of a state of siege or of exceptional laws the Communists are unable to carry on all their work legally, it is absolutely necessary to combine legal with illegal activities. In nearly every country of Europe and America the class struggle is entering upon the phase of civil war. Under such circumstances the Communists cannot rely upon bourgeois legality. It is their duty everywhere to create parallel to the legal an illegal organization capable at the decisive moment of fulfilling its duty to the revolution.

4. A systematic and vigorous propaganda must be carried on

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in the army. Communist nuclei should be formed in every military unit. Most of this work will be illegal but to refuse to do it would be treason to revolutionary duty and incompatible with membership in the Third Internationale.

5. A systematic and well-planned agitation must be carried on in the country districts. The working class cannot triumph unless it has the support of at least a part of the farm workers (day workers and poorer farmers) and unless its policy has won the neutrality of at least a part of the backward rural groups. Communist activity in the country is coming to be of capital importance. It must be carried on chiefly by the urban Communist workers who have connections in the country. Refusal to do this work or confiding it to unreliable semi-reformist hands is equivalent to renunciation of the proletarian revolution.

6. It is the duty of every party desiring to belong to the Third Internationale to denounce not only avowed patriotism, but also dishonest and hypocritical pacifism, and systematically to demonstrate to the workers that without the revolutionary overthrow of capitalism no international court of arbitration, no discussion of the reduction of armaments, no "democratic" reorganization of the League of Nations can preserve mankind from fresh imperialistic wars.

7. It is the duty of parties desiring to belong to the Communist Internationale to recognize the necessity of a complete and final break with reformist and Centrist policies, and to preach this break among the members of the party. Without this a consistent Communist policy is impossible.

The Communist Internationale demands imperatively and without discussion that this break be made within a very short time. The Communist Internationale cannot admit that such avowed opportunists as Turati, [Kautsky, Hilferding, Hillquit, Longuet, Macdonald,] Modigliani, etc., should have the right to call themselves members of the Third Internationale. That would make the Third Internationale too much like the Second.

8. A particularly clear-cut stand should be taken in the matter of colonies and oppressed nationalities by parties in those countries whose bourgeoisie possesses colonies and oppresses nationalities. Parties belonging to the Communist Internationale are duty-bound pitilessly to unmask the acts of their own imperialists in the colonies, to support every movement for emancipation in the colonies not only with words but with acts, to demand the expulsion of their own imperialists from those colonies, to nourish in the hearts of the workers in their own countries a genuine fraternal feeling for the working population of the colonies and for the oppressed nationalities, and to sustain a systematic agitation among the troops of their countries against all oppression of the people of the colonies.

9. Parties desiring to belong to the Communist Internationale should carry on a systematic and persistent propaganda within the trade unions, [the workers' and shop councils,] the cooperatives, and other mass organizations of the workers. Within those organizations Communist nuclei should be formed, whose stubborn and persistent work will win the trade unions to Communism. It will be their constant task to expose the treason of the social patriots and the instability of the "Center." These Communist nuclei should be completely subordinate to the party as a whole.

10. It is the duty of parties belonging to the Communist Internationale vigorously and persistently to fight the yellow Trade Union Internationale organized at Amsterdam. On the other hand they should aid with all their power the international union of the Red trade unions affiliated with the Communist Internationale.

11. It is the duty of parties desiring to belong to the Third Internationale to revise the personnel of their parliamentary groups, to expel all unreliable elements, and to make these groups subject to the party executives, not only in form but in fact, by demanding that each Communist member of Parliament subordinate all his activity to the true interests of revolutionary propaganda and agitation.

12. The periodical and non-periodical press and all party publishing concerns should be under the complete control of the party executive, whether that be legal or illegal. The organs of publicity cannot be permitted to abuse their autonomy and to follow a policy not in complete accord with the party policy.

13. Parties belonging to the Communist Internationale should be organized on the principle of democratic centralization. In the present period of acute civil war the Communist Party can fulfil its function only if organized in most centralized fashion, if controlled by iron military discipline, and if the party executive, armed with large powers, exercises uncontested authority and has the unanimous confidence of the active membership.

14. The Communist parties in countries where the Communists work legally must carry out periodic housecleanings of the party organization to rid the party of petit bourgeois and special interest elements.

15. Parties desiring to belong to the Communist Internationale should give unqualified support to all soviet republics in their struggles against the counter-revolution. They should untiringly preach refusal to transport munitions or supplies to the enemies of the Soviet Republic, and, whether legally or illegally, they should carry on propaganda among the troops sent against the soviet republics.

16. Parties which have hitherto retained their old Social Democratic programs are duty-bound to revise those programs without delay, and to work out a new program in the spirit of the decisions of the Communist Internationale adapted to the special conditions of their countries. As a rule the programs of parties belonging to the Communist Internationale should be confirmed by the Congress of the Communist Internationale, or by its Executive Committee. If the program of a party should not be sanctioned by the Executive Committee, the party may appeal to the Congress.

17. All decisions of the Congress and of the Executive Committee of the Communist Internationale are binding upon all parties affiliated with it. In this period of acute civil war the Communist Internationale must be far more centralized than was the Second. The Communist Internationale and its Executive Committee should take into consideration the very varied conditions in the different countries, and make general and binding resolutions only when they can be carried out.

18. In accordance with the above, all parties belonging to the Communist Internationale should change their names. Any party desiring to join the Communist Internationale should be called "Communist Party of . . . (Section of the Third Communist Internationale)." The question of name is not a mere matter of form, but has considerable political importance. The Communist Internationale has declared war upon the entire old bourgeois world and on all the old yellow Social Democratic parties. It is important that the difference between the Communist parties and the old official "Social Democratic" and "Socialist" parties which have betrayed the banner of the working class should be made clear to every workingman.

[19. It is the duty of all the leading press organs of the parties to print all important official documents of the Executive Committee of the Communist Internationale.

[20. All parties belonging to the Communist Internationale, or which have applied for admission to it, should as soon as possible, at the latest within four months after the Second Congress of the Communist Internationale, call a special convention to examine these conditions. The Party Executive should see that all local organizations are made acquainted with the decisions of the Second Congress.

[21. Parties desiring to enter the Third Internationale which have not yet radically changed their former tactics should arrange that before entrance into the Third Internationale at least two-thirds of the members of the Party Executive and of all the important central bodies shall have clearly and publicly declared in favor of entrance into the Third Internationale before its Second Congress. Exceptions may be allowed with the approval of the Executive Committee of the Third Internationale. The Executive Committee may also make exceptions in

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the cases of the Centrist adherents named in Condition 7.

[22. Party members who on principle reject these conditions laid down by the Communist Internationale are to be expelled from the party. This applies especially to delegates to the special party convention.]

The Petrograd Elections

ELECTIONS to the Petrograd Soviet were held during the week of June 23-30. The following extracts and summaries are from the Bolshevist papers of that period.

The *Pravda* (Petrograd) of June 16 contains an announcement of the forthcoming elections, signed by Zinoviev, chairman of the Petrograd Soviet, and Trilliser, secretary, setting forth the rules and regulations for the balloting.

The distinguishing feature of Soviet elections is that the voters are grouped occupationally and not geographically. The workers vote at their factories or at their union headquarters, the soldiers in their barracks, the students at their universities. Housewives and other scattered workers are provided with special polling places.

The general ratio of representation, as prescribed in the regulations, is one delegate to each 400 voters. Concerns employing more than 150 and less than 400 workers elect one delegate; those having less than 150 workers combine with other groups in kindred occupations. Soldiers and sailors elect delegates at the ratio of one for each 200. Detached units numbering less than 200 elect one delegate each. Brain workers (writers, scientists, professors, artists, etc.) elect delegates through their professional organizations.

The large organized bodies of workers also elect delegates to the soviet, so that the citizens have a certain degree of double representation, by delegates from their shops and from their respective unions. The Petrograd Council of Trade Unions elects one delegate for each 5,000 members. Each registered industrial and trade union numbering not less than 2,000 members elects two delegates. Organized professional sections having not less than 500 members (artisans, transport workers, clerks, etc.) elect one delegate each.

Nominations are made by groups of workers, soldiers, etc., and the different tickets are presented to the factory or shop committees, or to the boards of their unions, or the district military sections, as the case may be. These tickets must be posted in the election places at least 24 hours before the election. The date of the elections, which may be held at any time during election week, is determined by the factory and shop committees, trade union boards, etc. Notice of the election must be posted in the place where it is to be held at least 24 hours in advance. Elections where voters are scattered (house servants, janitors, etc.) must be advertised in the press.

An election is legal regardless of the number of those voting. The number of delegates is established in proportion to the number of voters employed in the concern where the election is held, and not in proportion to the number who actually vote.

With the official announcement of these regulations, *Pravda* prints two specimen blank forms, one for giving notice of elections and the other for reporting the results. Each has to be duly certified by the local election board and delivered to the Central Election Board. This board is composed of seven members, appointed by the Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet, the Council of Trade Unions, and the Military Section of the Petrograd Soviet.

A typical campaign editorial appears in the Petrograd *Pravda* of June 18. The official organ of the Communists appeals for support on the party's record. The editorial says in part:

"Once more the workers will have to say to whom they will intrust the leadership at this complicated and serious moment. We stand before a new attack by the Allies. We have delivered a strong blow against the Polish *shlachta* (landlords) who attempted to grab us by the throat. But the battle is not yet ended. In the south, Wrangel has crawled out from the Crimea, and with the aid of the British and French imperialists attempts to stretch a helping hand to the Poles.

"'Bread and Peace,' was our slogan in 1917; but world imperialism tried to strangle us and we had to fight for our revolution. As a result of our victories, however, the food supply is much better and Petrograd gets more food now than in 1919.

"Now the Soviet Government of Petrograd again asks the workers to tell to whom they will intrust the defense of the great city, under whose banner they will fight against world imperialism. There is no doubt that the proletariat of Petrograd, which was not afraid of Judenich, who almost captured the city, will now give their votes to the vanguard of the working class, the Russian Communist Party."

As the elections progress, the papers flaunt the Communist victories. The following are characteristic headlines:

"Maxim Gorky is elected to the Petrograd Soviet by the Department of Education."

"The Post Office elected 20 Communists and 10 nonpartisans."

"The Housewives made a good start and elected a Communist woman to the Petrograd Soviet."

"The Students of the First City District elected two Communists."

Defeat of the chief opposition party is hailed with exultation. A paragraph headed "Great Failure of the Mensheviks" reads:

"The Mensheviks placed great hopes in the elections at the Post Office, and at the Telegraph and Telephone offices. They made much preparation for the campaign among these workers, who comprise many intellectuals. Result: The Communist ticket elected by an overwhelming majority."

The *Red Gazette* is especially bitter. In the issue of June 26, under the caption "Disgrace," it pours scorn upon two factories which elected deputies from the opposition parties:

"At the Nobel factory two Mensheviks were elected and at the Pal factory one Social Revolutionist. . . . We are not directing attention to the deputies of these factories; we are pointing the finger of scorn at the factories which elected these deputies. Behold the workers of the Nobel factory! Behold the workers of the Pal factory! Look at them, sailors and Red army soldiers! Behold these erring ones, brothers and sisters! They voted for the representatives of those parties which only recently embraced Kolchak and Denikin. They voted for the parties which always hindered our revolution. . . . In all Petrograd only two such enterprises were found which voted for the parties of the plucked crows. These factories may serve as specimens for a museum of freaks; one may look at them with surprise—but one must despise them."

The records of the candidates are rigorously exposed, and the lists and returns carefully scrutinized. There are occasional charges of irregularity and demands for reelection. At the Nobel factory a Menshevik, Dorofeev, was elected on a nonpartisan ticket. Whereupon the workers in the foundry shop of that factory passed the following resolution of protest: "We, the workers of the foundry, protest against a faulty election. Under the banner of nonpartisanship a Menshevik was elected. We do not trust the Mensheviks, who at the present moment under the leadership of a Menshevik, Pilsudski, are waging war against Soviet Russia. We demand a new election for Dorofeev's seat."

The housewives launched a savage attack upon the two factories which had the temerity to elect Menshevist deputies. At their election meeting the housewives of the second city district, numbering 1,500 electors, passed a resolution condemning the action of the Nobel and Pal factories. "Comrades, workers," runs their statement, published in the *Red Gazette*, June 29, "think whom you have elected. At the head of the Polish army stands the traitor Pilsudski, waging war against workers and peasants. . . . And you have elected to the Petrograd Soviet the same kind of Mensheviki. It is a shame, comrades, to help the White Guard lords. Death to the Mensheviki and Social Revolutionists, together with the Polish lords. Long live the newly elected Communist Petrograd Soviet!"

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The Philosophy of World Pathos

Lectures on Modern Idealism. By the late Josiah Royce. Yale University Press.

THE appearance of the first posthumous work of Josiah Royce is in itself a moment of importance. America, in entering upon a new world-career, has discovered, and inevitably discovered, a new interest in itself. The vivid and generous idealism, the high self-approval, with which we entered upon the overseas crusade, followed by the bitter recessional, rebuffs not only of our confidence in others but also of our own clarities and contentments, have left us humbled and puzzled and confused with a sense of our own self-strangeness. We Americans marched into the war with a serene courage and a singing voice, not glad, but ready; we are returning, drooped and disastered, with an unintelligible external victory and an inevadable inner conflict, surprised by our friends, uncertain of ourselves, wistful of our ideals. What, indeed, are we, inwardly and truly? How much is of Europe, how much of the New World? What, out of our past, is genuinely our spirit and our inheritance? We have passed not only through a crisis of action, but into a crisis of national consciousness, and we are now wrestling, ere the dawn break, for some touch of grace which shall restore within us the inspiration of life. Faith in ourselves—even as a compensation for a broken faith in others—we must find anew; and hence it is that we are turning, with an interest hitherto unknown on these shores, to a reexamination of American history and a reappraisement of the possibilities of American literature, philosophy, art, if perchance therein may be discovered the truth which shall make us whole.

To minds so caught in the glamour of self-distrust every work and word of those who in our past have been framers of our national thought and leaders of our essential life, stout and acknowledged Americans, will come as text for study and object of reflection; and within this range fall the works and words of Josiah Royce. It is certainly too early to attempt to assign to the thinking of Royce its place in the intellectual history of America—much less to try to appraise it as a contribution to the whole development of philosophy. Though its mission is to clarify, to reduce the whole pageant of time into the narrowed mirror of ideas that we may view the parts with a comprehensive eye, yet no more than politics or letters can philosophy be understood apart from its perspective: its interests, its problems, its solutions are all colored and glassed by the fluid of its contextual life, which crystallizes into form only as that life subsides into a future for which the deeds and thoughts of the past are as hardened monuments. Royce himself was deeply possessed of the historic sense; and none could have been more fully aware than he of the futility of an early eulogy or an early silence where the concern is those great matters of thought which slowly build up the speculative abiding-places of mankind. The shadow of the Sphinx is long; she is deliberate with the centuries.

Yet though it is early to assign a place to Royce the philosopher, there need be less reserve in appraising the man: the human, one might almost say, the anecdotal side of a career belongs to its contemporaries. In his last years Royce was a pathetically heroic figure. He was an afflicted man, physically broken, when he was called upon to face the great questions which the war forced upon the world and upon his country; yet he rose to the hour as few American thinkers were able to rise, and in a series of fine utterances he gave unfaltering voice to that high and patriotic idealism which is "the hope of the great community." What must have cost Royce—what shattering of idols, what bitterness of soul—such an expression as the Tremont Temple address, itself keeping up the height of New England tradition, only those can guess who know to what extent his intellectual life had been a devotion to German philosophy; and though it may well be, as his editor, Professor Loewenburg remarks, that his "very attitude of sympathy towards German civilization of the past intensified his righteous indignation," nevertheless this could have meant but an intenser inward pain. Royce had come to be a kind of apostle of German Absolute Idealism; by the expansion of its tradition he had sought to illuminate our own social ideals, and the German debacle could have come to him only as black treason to his more vital faith. The finer, therefore, that as an American he stood unswerving.

Royce is dead. Ours, not his, must be the retrospection which —after the battle—shall give the fuller appraisal not only of what German philosophy has meant in the world, but of what it might have meant, or indeed may mean in another than our present political dimensions. We must begin again the perusal of the book of history, and it is therefore appropriate that the publication of the "Lectures on Modern Idealism," delivered at Johns Hopkins University in 1906, should take us back to the quieter and confident period before men's minds were broken with self-distrust. In so turning back, we are not studying merely a fallen dust; for the past never dies. German idealism was a vast and perhaps deadly influence in the making of the career of Germany. But it was more than German: it entered France and England and Russia, aggressively and at times dominantly; it entered the United States, vaguely in our first transcendentalism, positively through the expositions of Royce and other American Hegelians; it looms, indeed huge, in the speculation and in the politics of the nineteenth century. But more than this: the temper of German thought is not merely German; it is phenomenal (as its own philosophers might say), along with other phenomena, of the modern world, and its understanding is a part of the understanding of the modern world. The conflict, within the individual, of his individual's will and his citizen's will Rousseau had emphasized before Hegel, and who but Rousseau has made vivid those conceptions of the sovereignty of a people and of the sanctity of the public sentiment which move so deep in our hidden loyalties and differ so little from the over-individual idealized as the Volkgeist? Democracy in France and America owns, after all, a speculative cousinship with bureaucracy in Germany: as Royce indicates, they hark back to that romantic storm and stress, that political and social and spiritual unrest which in so large measure is the avatar of modernity. We must know ourselves, we Americans; and if we would know truly we must know whence we were born and what is our inheritance.

The ten lectures on modern idealism are in matter less comprehensive than their title might indicate. They form an historical introduction, devoted to the early Kant-to-Hegel period, rather than a survey of nineteenth century idealistic thought. In two lectures Royce lays his finger upon the essence of Kant, showing how that philosopher could be at once so persuasive and so tantalizing: as his speculative legacy Kant left (in his two "Critiques") an unsolved antimony of the logical and the moral selves which, owing to his own cultivated suspensions of judgment, he was content to leave, but which served as a challenge to the powers and tempers of those who followed his leadership. Fichte was the first, stressing the rights of the moral Ego. Royce passes him briefly and goes on to a study of the dialectic of Subject and Object as developed by Schelling; and thence to his real interest, the less aesthetic and more stringent dialectic of Hegel, to which he devotes four of the lectures, leaving to a last discourse a summarizing of later trends (into pragmatisms, humanisms, realisms, and what-not), which all appear to Royce—though this is not his figure—like an assortment of more or less exasperated and quite futilely resistant creatures caught once for all in the Kantian trap and fated to its dialectic issue. The plan of the whole series, one might remark, is itself a shrewd application of the dialectic of history, an embodied illustration (as no doubt the lecturer was aware) of the major theme of the whole.

But it is not the familiar moments of the dialectic that we are now interested to retrace. Long ago Plato showed both the powers and the limitations of dialectic as an instrument of inner discovery; and if Schelling's application of it to nature

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and to art, and Hegel's demonstration of its persuasiveness as the form of history, have indeed led us to question whether all that is outward must not be cut to the pattern of the inward, if this is to become a spiritual familiar, nevertheless opinions as to the ultimate and metaphysical value of the *Idee* as pattern of the Universe are now formed: the evidence is before us; the pros and cons are debated; convictions are set and inimically encamped. Platonists still proclaim that the dialectic is but a pathway to insight, but a method of self-discipline; Hegelians still behold in it an image of the world; and temperaments, classical or romantic, answer with their several assents. The parties are fixed; the discussion has been lost in the slogans.

Today it is in another and far more significant aspect of German Idealism that our interest is engaged. Perhaps the most astute phase of Royce's lectures is the stress he lays upon the fact that the profoundest asseveration of Kantianism is of the indissoluble union of the problem of truth and the problem of morals—morals in the broadest sense, ethical, political, social, indeed cosmic. Philosophy's great distinction from science on the one hand, and from religion on the other, lies just in the fact that it sees the two problems with a single eye; and wherever philosophers lose their sense of the proportion, on one side or the other, their thought sinks into ineptitude (as witness the helplessness of the Neo-Realists of our own day where morals are in question). The fact that man's moral nature is a phase of cosmic nature, and that the conduct of the human species as a whole—in its worlds of thought, politics, art, religion, economics—is itself a comprehensive truth, faceting if not reduplicating the whole of nature, is the fact which the Idealistic tradition seized upon as the one key to all knowledge; and each of its philosophers in his way made the moral dilemma his image of the world. Fichte and Schopenhauer, analogously opposite, fictioned the universe on the motive of desire, as if the "pursuit of happiness" were the one cosmically natural right. Hegel, with more maturity and discipline, construed an Absolute within which the moments of reason itself become the objects of will and the movement of reason toward its natural conclusions becomes the transcendental essence of desire. The "foregone conclusion" becomes, as it were, the reality in which *is* and *ought* coincide to make that portrait of the Absolute within which (monstrously enlarged) man perceives the utter embodiment of his own ever-dividing and ever-reuniting souls and societies. The world is a transcendental whole, but only because men and mankind are contending, and hence moral.

There is a kind of speculative primal innocency in all this theorizing that seems to set it remote from men's affairs. But ideas are never innocent; they are terribly self-responsible. In numerous implicative phrases Royce indicates the iron conclusion of Hegelian logic, later to become *Politik*. "A world of small communities must give place . . . to a world of an imperial type of social unity"; "provincialism leads to imperialism"; "the state is at once a necessity and an oppression to all"; "the truth of the individual is the consciousness of the people to which he belongs." Would Royce now, one wonders, have closed a similar series of lectures with the hope that this philosophy may become "the expression of the very soul of our civilization"? Or, indeed, would Hegel now not find a certain sardonic satisfaction in beholding his own dialectic moment in history so inevitably portrayed: *Weltansicht* inviting *Weltanschauung*, this reacting to *Weltschmerz* whence the discovery of the *Weltgeist* (so far he had gone), and inevitably beyond this the tragic demand for *Weltmacht* and *Weltreich?* Royce himself remarks that in this philosophy "the tale of the *Geist* is more of a tragedy than is that of the individual life." History, since 1914, has glossed this passage.

"The tale of the *Geist*," the repertoire of the World—is not this, after all, the core of German Absolute Idealism? One cannot review it in thought without perceiving anew that it is, deeply, a philosophy of world-pathos—as Schopenhauer perceived, and as its bravest apostles unconsciously betray. The theatric note is never far from the foreground of its most logical consciousness: it is indeed the glory of Schelling, and in Hegel's mime-like delineation of the self-expressing and self-transcending *Gestalten des Bewusstseins*, the phenomenology of the Spirit which moves nimbly behind the scenes, we have a strange half-embodied drama, the tragedy of conflict, the comedy of contradiction, and the grim humor of eventual futility. Storm-and-stress is staged in categories, and romance masquerades as reason. The essence of Greek and Japanese tragedies, says Royce, "according to Hegel, is that loyalty is divided in twain, into loyalty to the underworld—shadowy, mysterious, but absolute—and loyalty to the visible government, whose commands are explicit, but are of today"; and this phrase is a perfect description of that vaster, but not less theatrical, tragic mode which impels the *Geist* first to play forth its phenomenological roles, and then in self-pity and terror to destroy them. At the end, the whole action falls remote and staged into an aesthetic spectacle, with the curtain ever ringing down upon its empty ends; the volitional and the rational, the moral and the natural, out of the weariness of time pass thinly into the silence of eternity.

It would be deeply unjust to what is noblest in German idealism, it would be deeply unjust to the true Americanism of Josiah Royce, to close with this appraisement. For there is a value in the philosophy difficult to throw into the simple relief of ideas. A philosophy of world-pathos it is (and perhap its defects flow remotely from the ambiguities inherent in the Teutonic word "world"—a romantic thing, and no classic "cosmos"); but it is also in some truly benign sense a philosophy of peace. Not externally: phenomenological—as we should say, historic—wars it views with indifference; but internally, as the living expression of its apostles shows, it achieves the high and serene pacification of the reconciled spirit. It began its history with a moral dilemma; it grappled directly with the moral issue; and its conclusion is a kind of moral conclusion, though at that point where morals seems to pass over into aesthetics. Comprehensively it takes the life of man, in all its contentiousness, petty or great, and throwing it vastly into the phantasm of nature it finds the two transubstantially welded, and out of the mystic union discovers its own inner quiet. Is it, after all, so remote from that healing of nature to which, more simply, fretted humanity ever turns for its consolations?

There is indeed something histrionic in all this world. We fight its battles phantasmally, and after victory and after defeat we seek reposeful dream, wherein its active contentions resolve into a music of antiphonal voices; and then, once more, caught in the claws of a red reality, we waken to discover that the choired responses are the guns of war. . . . There is no answering quiet save death. What lies beyond? The voices of the prophets proclaim—and there are some that harken and follow, and some that mock, and all pass their mortal way, and no man knows if the question be answered yonder. . . . The world-pathos is, after all, the pathos of humanity. Hegel's philosophy is the philosophy of men's broken congregations, of human life in all its towering aspirations, in all its helpless humiliations; and of the lives of nations in all their aspirations and all their humiliations. . . . But of the World—is there nothing more august beyond?

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

The Human Costs of the War

The Human Costs of the War. By Homer Folks. Harper and Brothers.

MR. FOLKS is a well known and highly esteemed social worker, active for the last thirty years in charities in New York and Cuba, and during the war Chief of the Department of Civil Relief of the American Red Cross. His volume is one of the highest import—an indictment of war from the side of those whose only part in it is misery and death, the bereaved, the fatherless, the homeless, the diseased, the enfeebled, the

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crippled, the bankrupt: necessary by-products of the ghastly scourge. And no more terrible exhibit of the nature of war has been written, not even by Philip Gibbs, Barbusse, Latzko, or Duhamel. The sacrifice of human values is portrayed in a plain, straightforward style, without any effort at a dramatic effect or an emotional appeal not inherent in the facts themselves. The work consists partly of a narrative of the author's varied experiences as relief agent in Serbia, Belgium, France, Italy, and Greece, partly of a statistical summary of the human damages of the war in these lands, and finally of two terrible chapters, War, the Best Friend of Disease and Civilization's Indictment of War.

The final effect of modern war is to destroy in the enemy country whatever a humane civilization has built up, and that by a series of collective crimes, most of them utterly abhorrent to any sane being acting on individual initiative. To such a purpose, by the use of modern mechanism, each side in the late conflict was hideously successful.

Mr. Folks asserts that in 1914 "the millennium was on its way"—it was not at the door, but it was definitely predictable. The war has postponed it indefinitely, for life's great disappointments arise chiefly from two causes, "sickness and untimely death." To promote and extend these calamities is part of the business of war. "Life," he continues, "was already being made longer, happier, and richer. . . . The warfare against disease was civilization-wide. It was a slow fight, and a long one, but it was winning." These assertions he substantiates by a record of the progress during forty years in the relief and suppression of tuberculosis, diphtheria, yellow fever, malaria, typhus, syphilis, and uncinariasis by discoveries and methods which "had already added ten years to the average life-time in America and Great Britain, had made life vastly more attractive, and which, in the very near future, with increasing momentum, would have lightened the black cloud of sickness and untimely death that for ages had kept the world in gloom."

This world movement toward health, the most promising in modern life, was "disrupted or delayed" by the Great War. "In some cases progress made slowly and painfully through decades was lost in two or three years; attention and funds were diverted to destroying instead of saving life, and age-old pests and enemies of man took fresh heart and a firmer hold on the race." The ravages of disease and the hopeless distress among the people caught between the lines can never be estimated or even realized. Even the soldiers fared better. When not in actual conflict the armies were cared for more carefully than ever before in history, but the civilian had to shift for himself, fortunate to escape the worst of fates. To the confirmed militarist the civilian is regarded as an obstructive nuisance. As such he was treated in every "occupied district" throughout the war.

Above all else war is the "baby-killer." That the birth-rate in every country concerned, even the United States, fell off in a degree proportionate to women's suffering, may be recorded as a piece of good fortune for those who might have existed but who never will. "The earth became unpopular as a future home. . . . It was no place for babies." But the death-rate stands in still closer ratio: even of those more enduring or fortunate, few caught in the war current will ever reach the manhood or womanhood which was their just due. In this matter America's duty is summed up in a single pregnant sentence: "England and America cannot save themselves alone. The world cannot remain half-free and half pest-ridden." This is doubtless true in a political and economic sense. But it is a hundredfold more pertinent in the sense of sanitation.

Mr. Folks's indictment of war I must here reduce to a mere catalogue of its crimes: "*War is the negation of civilization*," and its aftermath, "implied reliance upon force rather than persuasion and orderly procedure," is felt as a crushing burden the world over. "Of the tremendous mass of Allied population (twice as numerous as the people of the United States and its dependencies in 1910) almost exactly one-third had been made homeless, subjects of an enemy army, killed, widowed, orphaned, or permanently crippled." The great war left two millions of people homeless. It has oppressed and humiliated forty-two millions of enemy subjects. It has sent into slavery "hundreds of thousands, no one knows how many." In its "wholesale murder" it counts nine million soldiers dead. It has left fifty millions of manless homes, ten million empty cradles. It has spread far and wide the war diseases. It has left a mortgaged future to every nation concerned. It has left an insistent demand for continental reconstruction and nobody to do it. The evil effect of the "last cost of war," its reversed selection on racial stocks, is not discussed by Mr. Folks, being outside his own experience, though he suggests that "these may prove to be the most important and permanent results of all." Nor does he consider political changes hastened—perhaps unduly hastened—"for no one can yet tell what these will prove to be."

War is indeed the one great human disaster. "Earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, explosions, may harm the whole population of a locality, alcohol or vice may injure a percentage of the people of whole countries, but war can be compared only to all these things combined and sown broadcast over a continent. We may select from all these other enemies of the human life their worst features, combine them into one quintessence of horror, intensify this to the *nth* power, scatter it continent-wide, and that is war. War is the negation of all the race has striven for through all the centuries. It is the enthronement of unreason and coercion. It is the supreme skepticism, both of man and of God." "If this study presents a terrible picture," continues our author, "this picture should surprise no one. It is of the essence of war to produce such results. That was the intention of the war makers. Each side was trying to do just these things to the other, and both measurably succeeded."

Occasional vivid sentences tell a long story in a few words. Speaking of Serbia, he writes: "One is almost tempted to say that in all these countries the church has the aspect of being a camouflaged branch of the government charged especially with the task of stimulating national spirit." "The morale of the [French] refugees left much to be desired. For some reason the refugees were not satisfied. They were not enthusiastic about the war." "Pity us less and aid us more" [chalked on the walls of Rheims].

In conclusion, Mr. Folks appeals for American help by direct personal gifts and by the national cancellation of loans. This last must probably come sooner or later, but it should take effect, one would think, only as the nations concerned abandon military adventures and levy taxes on the swollen incomes of their own profiteers. The restoration of human values in Europe must follow, for it cannot precede, the demobilization of armies.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Musical Portraits

Musical Portraits. By Paul Rosenfeld. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE critical controversy aroused by Paul Rosenfeld's recently-published "Musical Portraits" has been strangely unilluminative of the book under discussion. But it has at least served to remind us how the majority of our musical guides still cling to Wagner and Strauss as the last intelligible words in music, and how they still underrate Berlioz, overrate Rachmaninoff, hound Mahler, listen to Ornstein with thumbs down, and either ridicule or denounce the whole school of modern cacophany from Schoenberg to Strawinsky. In the midst of such a dim and flickering light of judgment the clear and searching rays that Mr. Rosenfeld has turned upon his subjects seem all the more brilliant and arresting. He has endeavored to interpret twenty composers by analyzing the spiritual causation of their art, dwelling on its hidden springs of race, tradition, and environment rather than on those harmonic elements that comprise the material structure. While this is a distinct de-

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parture from the critical methods generally employed in America, many of the fundamental ideas set forth have been voiced at one time or another by the more penetrating of European critics. Yet Mr. Rosenfeld has displayed a marked faculty for reinvesting these ideas in fresh and striking habiliments, embroidering them with such originality and skill that they take a new aspect. For instance, when he tells us that Wagner passed with the nineteenth century, of which he was the "sign and symbol"; that time has shown us the greatness of Berlioz; that Richard Strauss is the "false dawn of modern music"; and that Debussy and Ravel have linked the France of today with that of the clavecinists of two hundred years ago—then Mr. Rosenfeld is merely telling what Rolland and Jean-Aubry have already told us. But he also leads us into far different channels of speculation. He calls Wagner "the great initiator, the compeller of the modern period . . . not only because he summarized the old," but "because he began with force a revolution." Of "the father of the modern orchestra" he says: "It is as though the world had had to move to behold Berlioz, and that only in a day germane to him and among the men his kin could he assume the stature rightfully his and live." The artistic decay of Richard Strauss is attributed to "a psychic deterioration," an "unwillingness to go through the labor pains of creation." And the art of Debussy and Ravel is claimed to be "in one respect . . . the continuation of the music that came to a climax in the works of Haydn and Mozart. It is subtle and intimate, and restores to the auditor the great creative role assigned to him by so much of the music before Beethoven."

Again, in the chapter on Rachmaninoff, the elegiac and superficial character of that composer's music, the meaningless embellishments of the piano concerti, the out-moded manner and content of expression inherited from French and German romanticism, have already been touched upon by Ernest Newman and others. It remained for Mr. Rosenfeld, however, to give the most inclusive, vivid, and scathing summary of this whole school of Russian salon composers, of which Rachmaninoff is the chief living representative. "For them," he says, "as it is for every Russian musician, Russia was without their windows, appealing dumbly for expression of its wild, ungoverned energy, its misery, its rich and childish laughter, its deep, great Christianity." But "they did not hear the appeal. They sat in their luxurious and Parisian houses behind closed windows."

The characterizations of Moussorgsky, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liszt, Sibelius, and Scriabine are superb, but contain little that has not been acknowledged. The chapters on Mahler, Schoenberg, Bloch, Strawinsky, and Ornstein seem to us the most important in the book, because it is the first time we have had their causes fully presented with any degree of insight and understanding. By using that most modern of methods, psychoanalysis, as in his studies on Mahler and Bloch, Mr. Rosenfeld has been able to deduce much that seems incontrovertible; while his interpretations of Strawinsky and Ornstein, however provocative of discussion, reveal him as singularly equipped to elucidate those qualities that distinguish these composers from their contemporaries; for he himself is in apparent harmony with the age which they embody.

Mahler's problem Mr. Rosenfeld makes out to be that which must be faced by every Jewish creative artist in an alien civilization: either to accept the stigma of his race and speak in his proper idiom, or else to succumb, as Mahler did, to his anti-Semitic environment, and pay the penalty of "sterility, banality, and impotence." It was this same weakness, Mr. Rosenfeld declares later, in his chapter on Ernest Bloch, that kept Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein from creating. Not, he disclaims, that the artist of Jewish extraction must write Jewish music, "utilize solely racial scales and melodies," but "he must not attempt to deny his modes of apprehension and realization because they are racially colored. He must possess spiritual harmony." Ernest Bloch possesses this spiritual harmony, and so his genius has found full and free expression. And because, Mr. Rosenfeld concludes, Bloch "rests quite as heavily on the great European traditions of music as he does on his own hereditary strain," one finds in his art "the fusion of the East and the West."

Arnold Schoenberg has always been "the great troubling presence of modern music," even to those most willing and able to understand him. Mr. Rosenfeld offers what seems a simple solution indeed to those baffling works, the "cruel five orchestral and nine piano pieces." "If there is such a thing as form without significance in music," he says, "might not these compositions serve to exemplify it? Indeed, it is only as experiments, as the incorporation in tone of an abstract and intellectualized conception of forms, that one can at all comprehend them." In this intellectualism of Schoenberg the Jewish element again plays its part. "Beside the Doctor of Music there stands the Talmudic Jew, the man all intellect and no feeling, who subtilizes over musical art as though it were the law." Yet in spite of this, we cannot but admire with Mr. Rosenfeld the teacher who dares to inscribe at the head of his treatise on harmony: "What I have here set down I have learned from my pupils." Perhaps Mr. Rosenfeld is right when he says that Schoenberg, "for the present . . . is the great theoretician combating other theoreticians," and that his later music may "shortly come to be considered as simply a part of his unique course of instruction." Certainly, no more feasible explanation has yet been given us.

Strawinsky and Ornstein bring us to what Mr. Rosenfeld calls the age of steel in music. "With Strawinsky," he says, "the rhythms of machinery enter music art. . . . For him the material world was very real, sharp, and immediate." And then Mr. Rosenfeld proceeds to translate the composer's works into word pictures, which, as verbal fantasies on all the noisy and mechanical devices of the twentieth century, are quite extraordinary, but which, as visualizations of Strawinsky's music, seem at times a bit strained.

Happier to us is the portrait of Ornstein, whose name always evokes in our mind images of violence—violence in music, violence in discussion. And when he is presented to us as "the mirror held up to the modern city," with its "pounding rhythms," its "frenetic activity," its "garishness," its "unceasing roar," or as "youth," in all "its excess, its violence, its sharp griefs and sharper joys, its unreflecting, trembling strength," the likeness is unmistakable. We recognize it too in the picture of Ornstein as "the resurrection of the most entombed of spirits, that of the outlaw European Jew." Nor does it require any stretch of the imagination to hear in the "Poems of 1917" "the wailings and rockings of little old Ghetto mothers." But in following Mr. Rosenfeld's speculation as to what has occasioned that decline in Ornstein's genius which has been so marked of late, in admitting such plausible reasons as transition from adolescence to manhood, a flinching from the hostility of the world, too much concertizing, happiness attained through love, we note curiously enough the omission of one cause which is not only applicable, but is also one on which Mr. Rosenfeld has laid much stress in other chapters. Ornstein has, for the last few years, been living in a distinctly non-Jewish atmosphere. Is it not possible that in losing contact with that spiritual soil in which his being had root and was nourished he has lost that in which he found his greatest stimulus and freedom? Because of this we are not as positive as Mr. Rosenfeld that "Leo Ornstein is sure of reaching the high heaven of art for which he seemed . . . bound." Nevertheless, the whole chapter is a brilliant plea for the young Russian composer.

The whole book, in fact, is an astounding exhibition of virtuoso writing. In this, as well as in the subject-matter it expresses, it indeed "marks off the miles" in American musical criticism. No one who wishes to get a clearer understanding of modern music can afford not to study these "Musical Portraits." For they not only contain the basic elements of truth, but are singularly free from malice and prejudice.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

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The Functional Organization of Society

Social Theory. By G. D. H. Cole. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

MR. COLE has intellectual power of high order. His thoughts do not proceed from a porch. Whenever by way of getting a start he indulges in a dogmatic generalization, he soon follows it with qualifications. His object, he says, "has been not to achieve finality or write a definitive book," but to set others to work on the problems which he has only raised. Thus he seems to be shooting arrows into the air and asking others to help him find them and reshape them. Yet he knows well what he is aiming at and where he wants to stand. His theory is one with a name and a pedigree, but it does not proclaim them and so may be treated on its merits without regard to what it may owe to other members of the same philosophical family. Like all good theorists, Mr. Cole is fortunate or skilful in finding his start on a path that leads straight to his goal. Indeed, he comes close to telling us that he has salted his mine with the gold that he later extracts. One of the most commendable traits of his book is its candor in confessing that it is prompted by a preference. Yet as these confessions are scattered and somewhat *obiter* and do not set the structure of the study, it is well to marshal them and emphasize them so that we may see more clearly just what Mr. Cole is doing. He insists so strongly that society should be studied functionally that he should welcome a functional approach to the study of his social theory.

Mr. Cole is painting a picture of his ideal of the organization of society. He calls his object "primarily philosophical." He is concerned, he says, "principally with social theory as the social complement of ethics, with 'ought' rather than with 'is,' with questions of right rather than fact." And what is right? For Mr. Cole it is some blend of what he wants and what he thinks will work. He knows that social theory cannot tell us what ends are "right" and what ends "wrong," and that our conceptions of desirable social arrangements "are inevitably formed in the light of our ultimate conception of social value." Social principles, he says, are true only on certain assumptions, and there is no way of proving these assumptions either true or false. His own announced assumptions are that "the object of social organization is not merely material efficiency, but also essentially the fullest self-expression of all the members"; that "self-expression involves self-government"; that "human beings have wills, and that they have a right and a duty to use those wills to their full capacity in the direction of society." In short, he wants as many folks as possible to have what they want when they want it, and he is devising a plan to help bring this about.

Those who shrink from Mr. Cole's Utopia are apt to find his book not to their liking, even though he tells them soothingly that "any one with the smallest degree of social vision can see that the existing structure of society is doomed either to ignominious collapse or to radical transformation." Mr. Cole does not say openly that a new group is rising to power and that by strength of numbers it is destined to dominate. Such an idea might be inferred from his prophecy that "it is the possession by the working-class movements of such strong and purposeful forms of organization as trade unionism and cooperation that makes their inheritance of the task of reconstructing society almost certain"; but this must be read with remembrance that right, not might, is Mr. Cole's concern. For force he has no fondness. At the very outset he dismisses the Austinian approach from the state and sovereignty because "it begins at the wrong end, with the coercion which is applied to men in society, and not with the motives that hold men together in association." Social theory must supplant political theory by thinking of society in terms of will rather than of force or law. What Mr. Cole seems to look to is a dominance of principles rather than of men. He is seeking those principles which meet the essential conditions of human association. He finds them in "the principles of democratic functional organization and democratic representation according to function." To the elucidation of the "principle of function" his book is devoted.

It begins by pointing out that no man liveth to himself alone. All are members one of another. Men unite in associations to get things done that they cannot do separately. "The value and full development of society depends not only upon the wide prevalence and diffusion of association in the commonwealth, but also on the successful cooperation and coherence of the various associations. The possibility of this coherence depends upon the fulfilment by each association of its social function." Men should unite on the basis of a common interest. As each man has several interests, he will be concerned with several social functions and will accordingly have a part in several associations. Each man shares equally in the running of each association to which he belongs, and each association exercises a limited coercive power over its members. It is too bad that there should be coercion anywhere, but in the present state of mankind we must have some of it to get along. "It is necessary to provide for its exercise, if only to supply a means for its abolition." If each association has a little of it instead of any one having all, tyranny will be at a minimum. The common interest of all the members of each association is the best assurance of a control of the association which furthers that interest and uses coercion only to that end. The trade union will make each member keep the rules, but it will do so for his own good as a trade union member. The leaders cannot go far wrong when each member knows well the common interest with which the leaders are charged.

After providing for internal harmony in each unit of functional government, Mr. Cole takes up the relation of the units to each other and to the wraith of what was once the state. Each association should have a single function, and each function should be vested so far as possible in a single association. Each association will run its peculiar function. To keep the several associations to their respective functions, coordination is necessary. There must be some umpire between them. As the state is but one of many associations, it cannot act as umpire in disputes between itself and others of like order. The state will control only in matters that "affect everybody equally and in the same way." Stripped of sovereignty with its monopoly of coercion, the state can no longer lay a heavy hand on the individual. Its officers will be chosen by universal suffrage, but instead of "one man, one vote," the principle will be "one man as many votes as interests, but only one vote in relation to each interest." The constituencies will be made up according to functions and not by the map. The interesting and fairly important question as to the number of representatives to be allocated to each functional constituency is not considered. Presumably it will not be one constituency, one representative. But the apportionment is less vital when the state deals only with matters that "affect everybody equally and in the same way." Such matters Mr. Cole finds mainly in the realm of consumption and little, if at all, in that of production.

There are, it is evident, details to Mr. Cole's plan still to be worked out. This he recognizes in his quest for a coordinator. As this "must not be any single association," he makes it a council composed of representatives from the "essential" associations. "To determine what actual associations are to be regarded as essential at a particular time and for a particular society is a practical question, and is therefore alien to a work dealing with social theory." But social theory tells us that in this representative coordinating council is vested the supreme power of coercion. Under its control is to be "the judiciary and the whole paraphernalia of law and police." Force and law thrown out of the window are let in again through the door. The state is dethroned, and the coordinator is crowned. Mr. Cole sees his difficulty and possibly thinks that he escapes from it. He seems to find comfort in the prospect that each functional body will act "without interference in its normal operations from any outside body." The outside body comes in "only when a question

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affects more than one form of association, that is, affects men in more than one capacity or function." How often this will happen is doubtless only a practical question, since Mr. Cole does not consider it. Nor does he tell how the representatives on this coercive coordinating body are to be allotted to the participating associations. This seems a very practical question. Suppose twenty functional associations are charged with raising the price of twenty commodities so as to affect all consumers equally and in the same way, and what is left of the state insists that it must have its say. Something may turn on the proportion of the votes which these twenty functional associations may cast in the coordinating council. And what if the members of the functional associations disobey the decree and the policemen of the non-sovereign coercive coordinator sympathize with them? This is another practical question.

Have Mr. Cole's bow and arrow really killed Cock Robin? Is the omnipotent state destroyed, or has there merely been some tinkering with its machinery? We need not bother about the state or sovereignty as abstractions. Both have always had to be worked by mortal men. Traditional theories of the state and of sovereignty are not affected by what actually happens. The abstract state, august old *Allgemein*, still stands where it belongs, remote from the realm of actuality. What really matters in government is who pull the strings and how they do it. Sometimes the strings are pulled by one group, sometimes by another. Some of the strings are political, some are economic. The ballot alone has seldom proved an immediately effective string. Without joining in Mr. Cole's special psychological excursions, we may fully agree that representatives from geographical districts cannot represent the actual wills of those who live in the district. Still in the long run they trim their sails to the dominant winds of doctrine and preference in the constituency. There is a good deal of "pandering to the moral sentiments of the community"; and economic predilections are receiving increasing deference whenever they surmount existing political barriers in the way of getting crystallized. Party leaders are watchful of the limit of what any considerable group of voters will stand for. In Great Britain cabinets rise and fall from pressure outside Westminster without any new election. When voices get loud enough they somehow get listened to, however foolish our way of distributing seats in legislative assemblies. A study of political pressures would carry us far beyond the formal methods of election. For such indirect pressure as we now have, Mr. Cole would substitute a formal mechanism by which men are represented according to their real interests. He would create new agencies of political authority, though he would call them by other names. He severely limits what he calls the state, but his coordinator might chuckle *L'état, c'est moi.*

How far all this functional division and coordination would serve Mr. Cole's desire to end the confusion of existing society is a question for him to consider seriously when he turns from social theory to practical matters. It would seem far better designed to minister to other desires not so explicitly put forward. Though Mr. Cole is silent about matters of arithmetic, there is little doubt that he means to make numbers predominant. He would have democracy live up to its professions. The wheels which he would add to the mechanism seem fairly well adapted to his purpose. They might not be necessary if folks were already adept at flocking on the basis of what is good for them, as the farmers of North Dakota are showing us by what they are doing through the old-established medium of the State Republican organization. Mr. Cole's chief practical contribution may well be in the aid which his machinery will give to a similar pooling of economic interests in more complex industrial communities. His theory is a device for giving to the dominance of the Sons of Martha the same moral authentication that the theory he rejects has given to that of others who have held the reins of power in what we call the state.

THOMAS REED POWELL

Aria and Recitative

Chanteys and Ballads. By Harry Kemp. Brentano's.
The Cairn of Stars. Poems by Francis Carlin. Henry Holt and Company.
Songs and Portraits. By Maxwell Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Songs of Adoration. By Gustav Davidson. New York: The Madrigal.
Blue and Purple. Francis Neilson. B. W. Huebsch.
New Poems. By D. H. Lawrence. B. W. Huebsch.
The Little School. By T. Sturge Moore. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Country Sentiment. By Robert Graves. Alfred A. Knopf.
Poems. By Cecil Roberts. With a Preface by John Masefield. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge. With Introductions by Lord Dunsany. Brentano's.
Poems 1908-1919. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Black Branches. A Book of Poems and Plays. By Orrick Johns. New York: The Pagan Publishing Company.
Don Folquet and Other Poems. By Thomas Walsh. John Lane Company.
Jehovah. By Clement Wood. E. P. Dutton and Company.
The Roamer and Other Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE average of lyric accomplishment among American and British poets today is by no means low, and Mr. Kemp is not the least of those who have kept it high; but Mr. Kemp's new volume of "Sea-Chanteys, Tramp-Ballads, and Other Ballads and Poems" is a disappointment. He was fastidious before, though generous enough in thought and gesture; now he finds room for commonplace and cant, complacency and swagger. He is singsong, loquacious, and to all appearances uncritical. His Biblical paraphrases are rough and right and reverent; it is possible that he has been true to the sea; but he has not done his best by poetry. Mr. Carlin's blitheness in song rings as of a purer kind. His is the folk note, the friendly, Irish-village voice. Refreshing because naturally gay, all that he needs to be as truly joyful as Burns is to be as truly profound, which he is not.

Mr. Burt writes with a communicative rush which might be other than youthful were it not so eager and innocent. He is never reflective, though his spiritual pores are wide open, and he begins to breathe soundly if a little virtuously. When at last he shall speak thoughts all his own, it is hoped that he will not have lost his really very lovely gift of expression, his round, elegant, springtime pregnancy and shapeliness of phrase—the phrase of glib, high-minded British youth, the phrase and cadence of Rupert Brooke. Mr. Davidson, also in a fine state of communication, has drawn his utterance from a source which also is fervent and pure: the Hebrew Psalms. His rhythmical prose, though unnecessarily laden with Old Testament lingo, seems genuine on the whole, and speaks a clear humility.

Mr. Neilson's "Songs to a Wife," though sincere, do not achieve any effect of passion; their adoration is excessively spare and cool, while their simplicity, resolute as it may be, has none of the perfection that moves. Neither imagery nor declaration is sustained; there is no sure ring of metal, no clean glint of starshine. The poet's gait too often is stiff with inversions and hobbled with prose. He has escaped Victorian verbiage, but he has not yet captured the jewel of seventeenth-century felicity which it is evident that he desires. Mr. Lawrence's preface poses spontaneity as an ideal, promising poetry that "just takes place." That is interesting, but it does not explain Mr. Lawrence's poetry, which here as always betrays elaborate trouble in its preparation. The piece called Apprehension is an excellent yet complicated metaphor; Seven Seals,

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the best thing in the volume and one of the most passionate of contemporary poems, recalls the torture no less than the genius of John Donne.

Mr. Moore, whose book for children comes enlarged from the edition of 1905, altogether avoids jingle, altogether shuns the sweet and easy. He deliberately fumbles his rhythms in order to secure quiet, brown, ingenuous truth. His halting syntax, unauthorized and quaint, often makes for stupidity, but it makes occasionally for a solemnity and honesty of prattle which beyond doubt is effective. Mr. Moore speaks slowly, plainly, primly, with only once in a while a dash of cunning like this:

> A little brown wood-mouse
> His ample fur-cloak dons;
> Then ties his comforter,
> Wool white as down of swans;
> And as he left the house,
> To see his tail was there,
> He turned his head;
> Then off he sped,
> To look if beech nuts were
> Silver or red.

Mr. Graves writes nursery rhymes for the young and ballads for the old with equal simplicity and gusto. By virtue of an unusually definite touch he renders ballad dialogue in England contemporary and usable as well as native. His verses for children, far as they are from being as exquisite as those of Walter de la Mare and William H. Davies, are yet affectionate and happy, and they inescapably call to play.

What might be called the transparent tradition in English poetry is represented without much significance by Mr. Roberts but with a good deal of significance by Francis Ledwidge and John Drinkwater. It is the tradition of soothing ratiocination and simple song, executed in lucid octosyllabic quatrains or couplets. Francis Ledwidge was an honest songster, a poet of the blackbird in a time of hawks and vultures, a peasant poet not afraid to be gentle and archaic—to write "athwart" and "adown" and "anon"—when others beat on loud new gongs. He was in no sense an important poet, it must be said; there was a monotony about his processes, a sameness about his exclamations and cadences; he struck out no one stanza that is sure to resist the mould. Mr. Drinkwater belongs first and last among the Withers, the Brownes, the Marvells, and the Dyers of British verse, the dewy, pastoral octosyllabists who are the furthest of all away from solemn laughter and excited tears. He is dull when speculative or satirical; he is never dull when practicing the folk, the minstrel, the country note. He sparkles as soon and as long as he describes Derbyshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, the Cotswolds, and the Lakes, as soon and as long as he moves among men and trees. His only defect—and it is serious enough—is a streak of poetical cant. He fondles blossoms and blackbirds more for their poetry than for themselves. He is somewhat femininely on the defensive for roses and dreams and things—he cannot mention them merely and let them go, but must expound them. Herrick saw more and sighed less. Dimples and ghosts and buttercups once called for a wink, a frisk, or a frosted phrase; now they find reverence and girlish worship.

Not many ventures outside the circle of song are destined in any generation to more than a respectable success. Mr. Johns's monologues, sketches, and weird "plays in chiaroscuro" abound in ambitious irrelevancies and irresponsibilities after the manner of T. S. Eliot, without, however, that poet's huge-handed animal spirits to enliven them. Mr. Walsh has composed a medieval and monastic narrative in effete, Tennysonian pentameters which singly are good but which in the aggregate are wearisome. Vividness, and so vitality, he has sacrificed to an archaic blur like that of William Morris. Mr. Wood is anything but effete and archaic, though he goes back as far as the Old Testament for material and momentum. His aim is the energetic documentation, by description, recitative, and song, of an ancient tongue-encounter between a band of Israelites and a band of Kenites. "Jehovah" suffers from a too constant strenuousness of reach and a too mighty savagery of diction; there is more motion than flow, more activity than strength. Yet certain of the songs genuinely mount; and Uz, the wrinkled patriarch, spokesman for the Kenites, is a triumph in portraiture—Uz, trudging craftily out before his troops to push incredible claims with a soft and terrible confidence in answer to the taunts of Joab, the Israelite leader.

Mr. Woodberry's latest volume includes his occasional pieces of the past five years, the sonnet-sequence called Ideal Passion which he printed more or less privately in 1917, and a long philosophical poem begun twenty years ago but finished only now. As an occasional poet, Mr. Woodberry is not exciting after the occasion has passed; in the present period of enforced listlessness toward the war, his poems on that occasion, at least, seem good work thrown away, seem good words robbed of their right to ring. No general looks large enough any more to fill a sonnet, no victory looks certain enough to deserve an ode. Mr. Woodberry is more surely a poet when he is a Platonist, as in Ideal Passion, on the whole the most vibrant portion of his recent output, wherein tributes are paid with an almost plaintive clarity to that Ideal Beauty which leans and touches a poet's temples. The Roamer is estimable blank verse, but like some others of Mr. Woodberry's major efforts it produces less poetry and less philosophy than it promises. A narrative of the soul's search for what is ultimately good, it proceeds with vague and thin distinction to a banal conclusion.

MARK VAN DOREN

Lloyd George

The Prime Minister. By Harold Spender. George H. Doran Company.

MR. SPENDER'S portrait of the Prime Minister can claim in one respect only to be a faithful one. It is Mr. Lloyd George as he appears to himself—not to his Maker. His biographer enjoys in common with his subject the facile romanticism which can pick out telling incidents and work them up, ignore faults and failures, and present a heroic figure before a short-memoried, uncritical public. For the lighter sort of modern "hero" he has enough material to work upon. The poor Welsh village boy, tended by the pious shoe-maker uncle who has premonitions of his greatness, his "catechism" rebellion in the national school before the days of "conscience clauses," his discovery of the gift of speech, the emergence of the village Hampden, his bearding of the local potentates as young solicitor and candidate for Parliament, his early struggles for the cause of Welsh nationalism in the House, his bold fight against the criminal imperialism of the Boer War, his admission into the 1906 Government as a chief of free-lance radicalism, the challenge to the Lords in his famous 1909 budget, followed by his "revolutionary" land policy—all these incidents supply movement and color to Mr. Spender's story. The working up is flamboyant and rhetorical, filled with interjectory commendation, such as "ever ready to face the music," "sound at heart but not a saint," "My audience is the country."

But since every statesman now stands or falls on his war record, Mr. Spender's best industry is given to showing how fortunate the country and the world have been in having at its disposal in this supreme emergency a man of just intuition and magnificent energy, who would, at the crisis of his country's cause, resist the scruples which might have made a lesser statesman hesitate, and seize the reins of power that were his by right. The account given by Mr. Spender of the ejectment of Mr. Asquith by Mr. George ("torpedoing" the unkind critics called it) attains some degree of accuracy by sticking to a bare record of events, and eschewing all reasonable speculations upon motives and manners. Here we have a characteristic example

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of the qualities and defects of this biography. Mr. Asquith was without question a poor leader of his nation in a struggle demanding resource and initiation. Mr. George had, and knew he had, these advantages. The action he took was for the good of the country. But the pretense that the patriotic motive was paramount, that no alloy of self-glory and personal will to power was present, is quite unconvincing to any one who has followed closely Mr. George's career.

Not merely by such false interpretation of events but by false attribution of qualities and acquirements Mr. Spender fabricates his hero. He attributes to him "insight into deep truths" and treats his generous feelings as solid principles. He has even the audacity to speak of Mr. George as "well read" and he tells us (on the strength of a short trip) that he "knew Germany." Now Mr. George has no principles of statecraft, knows little of past history, or of the current history of other countries. To do him justice, he never professes to deal in principles. Politics is to him the art of opportunism, each issue to be dealt with when it comes up "on its merits," and conformably with the expediencies of the moment, with very little regard to distant events, which may or may not occur. In one sense he is a realist. "Things are what they are" to him. But to hold that "their consequences will be what they will be" would be carrying causation or speculation too far. His realism, moreover, is tempered by a spice of sentimentalism where visible oppression of class or nationality comes in. This justifies Mr. Spender in representing him as temperamentally upon the side "of the under dog." But this sympathy goes, after all, a very little way as guaranty of sound statecraft. Mr. George is primarily an orator and at a time when oratory is most dangerous. He is an improviser of policies at a time when far-seeing judgment is most necessary. He is always at the mercy of other people's sources of information, having no stock of knowledge of his own. He is quick at picking the brains of those about him, but not so good at choosing whom to put about him. And his pick does not go deep. Never in modern English history has so light a man been at the head of affairs in so grave a time.

All the risks involved in such a situation Mr. Spender ignores. His consistent policy (or should I say dialectical device?) is to slur over or ignore facts that damage his hero. For American readers his treatment of the Bullitt incident will suffice to illustrate. "The proposal brought by Mr. Bullitt [from Russia] was not an offer from the Bolshevists but the suggestion of an offer by the Allies—a very different thing." And he adds: "The proposals were not written down by the Bolshevists but conveyed to Mr. Bullitt, who placed them on record." Now, as readers of *The Nation* are aware, Mr. Bullitt took out to Russia a draft in the handwriting of one of the British secretaries, which, though not a formal proposal, was intended to convey the terms acceptable to Mr. George. He brought back a reply to the effect that an offer along the lines of the draft with certain other provisions would be favorably considered by the Bolshevists. Mr. Spender says not a word of the falsehoods told by Mr. George to Parliament relating to his acquaintance with Mr. Bullitt.

Even more audacious is the account of the 1918 general election. Not a word of Mr. George's furious appeal for the Kaiser's head and the whole cost of the war in indemnities—election pledges which, futile as they turn out to be, were deeply responsible for the base peace which Clemenceau and his colleagues put upon Mr. George and Mr. Wilson. But Mr. Spender's treatment of this whole historical episode is one of elaborate sophistication. He defends the secret conduct of negotiations, and pretends that the innumerable violations of the principles which the Allies solemnly undertook to embody in the peace were a justifiable compromise between the idealism of Mr. Wilson and the proposals of Clemenceau, which latter he euphemistically terms "a peace of security!" And yet he assures us that Mr. George and Mr. Wilson were "really kindred spirits." "Both came from Puritan stock, and the high idealism and noble integrity of President Wilson's character must have often recalled to Mr. Lloyd George that splendid uncle who had taught and nurtured him!" The book is rich in such strokes of undesigned humor. Perhaps the finest is Mr. Spender's presentation of the man who is practicing every wile of statecraft to hold together his discordant band of profiteers, so as to maintain a working majority and keep office, as a high-souled patriot filled with "the vision of a state deliberately consenting to sink faction in the cause of a larger purpose—of a community which, with all its passion for the healthy strife of party, can tell when to forego that strife, and can scent the danger from afar." Few men save Mr. Spender could have penned that sentence. Yes, Mr. George has a keen nose for dangers that threaten his safety. But this keenness has cost his country and the world pretty dear. For, in maneuvering to keep in power, he has had to stoop to the lowest depths of popular passion and credulity, to support terms of peace he knew to be impracticable and disastrous, to buy Mr. Churchill and his following with the Russian war, and Sir Edward Carson with what now comes near an Irish war.

Mr. Spender represents his hero typically as a man of vision, faith, and sympathetic imagination. There is one supreme test of this time—the League of Nations. Mr. George's biographer indulges in desperate wriggles to support his assertion that "he profoundly believes in the League of Nations." Apart from the fact that profundity is the last expression to apply to any of Mr. George's facile beliefs, this is Mr. Spender's own admission that the Prime Minister felt "there was an element of unreality in the drafting of a set constitution for the League," and preferred that it should grow insensibly out of the Peace Conference. This, of course, is what has happened and has made it not a league of nations.

J. A. Hobson

History and History

The United States: An Experiment in Democracy. By Carl Becker. Harper and Brothers.

The United States in Our Own Times 1865-1920. By Paul L. Haworth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

To the mind of the speculative student these two books on American history will suggest a long line of interesting reflection. Both are by American scholars of approved training and academic distinction. Mr. Becker is professor of European history at Cornell and doubtless more occupied with the gigantic labors of Diderot than with the multitudinous volumes of American *Foreign Relations*. Mr. Haworth is acting professor of American history at Indiana University and more at home with the *Congressional Record* than with that mighty pile, the *Moniteur*. Mr. Becker writes a series of essays on the evolution of American democracy in its relation to government, land, slavery, education, diplomacy, immigration, and equality, ending in a serious discussion of pressing problems and a suggestion that education holds the promise of the future. Mr. Haworth writes a textbook in recent history for college students, giving us a clue to what an able and experienced teacher thinks proper and acceptable in the realm of higher education to which we are to look for guidance and salvation.

The first of these books is the story of the way in which the aristocracy of colonial times has been supplanted by a political democracy, slavery disposed of, the public domain parceled out into homesteads, the alien brought to our shores, and education made universal. It is a plain story told by a man with an eye for the real instead of the mythical. Mr. Becker does not resort to special dispensation or to heroic qualities, but finds the secret of American democracy in the conditions of American life. He knows the limits of our boasted toleration and the intimate character of our prosperity. He refuses to work up a frenzy over the trade union "dictation" manifest in the

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Adamson law. On the contrary he coldly remarks that for a quarter of a century capitalists "dictated" to the government at Washington (for which he has the high authority of President Wilson) and that now two are playing the same game. He thinks that the trade unionist has historic, if not ethical, justification for selling as little as possible for as much as he can get. He does not shed any tears over Mr. Haworth's "great general public" which imagines itself so virtuous. He casts doubt upon the benevolence of our business men, suggesting that the average among them does not even have the interest in his employees that induced the master of a slave gang to see that his chattels were well fed and comfortable. In fact, he thinks Americans are one flesh with all the world and that now the free land is gone we face the same problems that Europe faces. Being a historian and not a preacher he offers no simple remedies; but he evidently believes that we may expect a widening of the functions of the state. Moreover he seems to rely upon education to point the way out—not the education that merely reflects and confirms the conditions of life, but the education that understands and surmounts them.

Mr. Haworth evidently does not believe that a college course in recent American history can break with the accredited preconceptions. He gives us a straightforward, chronological account of the last fifty years. Here we find the recognized staples: the force bill, Ku Klux Klan, Greenbacks, resumption, the Hayes-Tilden dispute, the frontier, "rum, Romanism, and rebellion," free silver, imperialism, the Sherman Act, the strenuous life, reclamation, "onward-Christian-soldiers," and the-world-safe-for-democracy. They are all presented in an easy, flowing style which carries the reader along on the current of narration. All the ceremonials are performed with clean hands. Greenbackism was "a craze," Russia was a traitor to the Allies, the recent labor disturbance in Seattle was an attempt to start the Bolshevist revolution, Ole Hanson was the "courageous" mayor who saved the day (reward not mentioned), the Department of Justice really discovered a Bolshevist plot to overthrow our government, and everything the Kaiser did was a part of the great conspiracy against the babes in the woods. To social and industrial questions Mr. Haworth assigns "a large share of space," but he cautions us against "swinging too far in that direction." In accordance with that caution he gives seven lines to the rise of the American Federation of Labor, without describing its peculiar policies in detail, and thirteen entertaining lines to Cleveland's very interesting courtship and marriage. Thoroughly conversant with modern movements, Mr. Haworth recognizes the antithesis between political democracy and economic plutocracy and in his concluding chapter he mentions the new phases of the old struggle: "populism, progressivism, socialism, and Bolshevism." But of the many reforms, he thinks it fitting to discuss in some detail only one, namely, a heavy inheritance tax to disperse concentrated wealth—a device which, as he says, now has the support of many eminent men like Vice-President Marshall. Perhaps, after all, this is as far as we need to go in view of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's "vigorous deeds and denunciations of dishonesty" drove away "the noxious vapors that were poisoning American public and private life."

In short, it appears that the college teacher of history should discard none of the pontificalia approved by the elder statesmen of the American Historical Association. He should never apply to the reputable lore of the middling orders the Socratic elenchus or, as Lord Morley would say, any other engine of skepticism or verification. He must make no frontal assault upon the great commonplace. He must upset no reliquaries or thuribles. He must omit no rubrics or lectionaries. He cannot essay the role of Jeremiah against the Philistines or invoke the spirit of Buckle or Darwin. If such is the evident judgment passed upon collegiate instruction in history by a scholar of understanding and discernment, like Mr. Haworth, how can Mr. Becker expect the emancipation of education from "the pressure of economic and social tendencies"?

CHARLES A. BEARD

Divine Personality and Human Life

Divine Personality and Human Life. By Clement C. J. Webb. The Macmillan Company.

THIS volume contains the second part of the Gifford Lectures, delivered in the University of Aberdeen in 1918-1919. Mr. Clement Webb is *facile princeps* among English writers upon the philosophy of religion, and he has what is not common in his class, a singularly simple and lucid style. He is at his best in criticism; his well-known critical handling of Durkheim's group-theory of religion is a much more convincing piece of work than the present volume or its predecessor, "God and Personality." Perhaps this is inevitable. It is no doubt easier to expose the defects in another man's view than it is to make a wholly water-tight case for your own. This, however, must not be taken as meaning that the book now before us is only second-rate. On the contrary it belongs to the front ranks of its class. The trouble is simply that works on the philosophy of religion are always fated to end with a note of interrogation.

It is not easy to define Mr. Webb's philosophical position. He differs from the Absolute Idealists in affirming that in some sense or other the ultimate ground and meaning of the Universe is personal. He believes in a "personal" God. On the other hand he denies the validity of the position of the Personal Idealists who "give to the *personal* principle of unity in our experience a priority over the *rational.*" He retains the rationalism of the Oxford Hegelian school without allowing it to carry him over to that arid and cheerless devotion to the Absolute which is meat and drink to Mr. Bradley. That is to say, Mr. Webb is not merely a philosopher of religion; he is a religious philosopher.

In the first series of the Gifford Lectures, Mr. Webb argues for the idea of a "personal God," meaning by the definition a God with whom men may have personal intercourse. But the expression "personal God" is intended to express not so much the notion of "the personality of God" so much as that of "personality in God." And if this seems to the reader to be a distinction without a difference, it must be answered that the distinction is very important indeed. For the phrase "the personality of God" may suggest a unitary God, and according to Mr. Webb, the God of the Christian tradition is a Trinity. When you speak of "personality in God," you leave the door open to a conception of God as being fully personal, that is to say, social. The Doctrine of the Trinity gives you a God who not only has personality, but is a society. Now in this second series, Mr. Webb turns to an examination of how the conception of divine personality is affected by those specialized activities in which human personality expresses itself. He inquires how far the idea of a personal God fits into the attitudes and necessities of the economic life, the scientific life, the aesthetic life, the moral life, the political life; and concludes with an examination of the value of the individual in the philosophy of the Absolute and Personal Idealists, and a final chapter on the destiny of the individual person. It is unnecessary to tell those who know Mr. Webb's work that the whole inquiry is very carefully and candidly carried through. The lecturer cannot be charged with unfairly weighting the scales in favor of his own argument. Sometimes indeed he seems to give gratuitous overweight to considerations that obstruct the conclusion that he wishes to reach; though it must also be admitted that in one or two places he appears to infer more from friendly considerations than is legitimate. It is, for instance, difficult to follow him when he says that the conception of "corporate personality" (as applied, say, to the state) helps us to a conception of personality in God. It all depends upon how you conceive of the state, and one suspects a little residuum of the Hegelian doctrine of the state in Mr. Webb's view of it. But these are minor and infrequent blemishes in what is a massive and (so far as the

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subject-matter allows) a convincing argument. It is not impossible that Mr. Webb's interpretation of "personality in God" may provide that much-needed philosophical *via tertia* for those of us who cannot go the narrow road of Absolutist Monism or the broad road of Pragmatist Pluralism.

This brief notice gives no idea of the extent of ground which Mr. Webb's inquiry covers. For instance, in his chapter on the aesthetic life, there is an important analysis of William Blake's theological scheme; and in the chapter on Naturalism and the Value of the Individual, the problem of the pathological dissociation of personality is discussed in connection with the question of the relative priority of the personal and rational principles in the handling of human experience. These are but two examples of the range over which Mr. Webb's investigation carries him, and they suggest how broad and varied is the survey of the relevant data from which he weaves his argument. Altogether the reading of the book is a rich experience, and its comparative freedom from the jargon of the philosophical schools makes it available for a much wider circle of readers than is usually the case with this kind of literature.

R. R.

Sociology in Two Dimensions

The Principles of Sociology. By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company.

THE most obvious feature of this work is its comprehensiveness. Professor Ross has not only duly registered and pigeonholed a vast variety of social phenomena, but has likewise undertaken the far more delicate task of helping people "arrive at wise decisions as to social policies." Unfortunately the rationale of his system is not explicitly set forth either for its theoretical or its practical implications. Why he employs his particular categories in the order given remains far from clear, and we are left with the suspicion that the mode of presentation is one that has come from experience in the classroom. For the practical philosophy, too, there is no overt statement, but here the deficiency is of lesser moment because the author's basic principles generally stand out with sufficient transparency. Another salient characteristic of the book is the range of the data from which illustrative material is culled. Mr. Ross is a far-traveled writer, who has literally surveyed mankind from China to Peru. His instances have frequently the piquancy of an eye-witness's report, and even apart from personal reminiscences he reveals a genuine talent for the use of striking and even convincing examples. The admirable opening paragraphs of the chapter on Ossification may be cited by way of illustration. From this it follows that Mr. Ross has none of the speculative writer's horror of facts. He has a complex in quite the opposite direction: of all the numerous problems treated there is probably not a single one that is settled by an appeal to first principles or argued out on its merits. The author has very decided opinions on the most difficult moot-questions; but apparently he has arrived at them intuitively or for some obscure reason has covered the tracks of his reasoning processes.

Mr. Ross's treatment of the race problem is especially illuminating as to this intellectual idiosyncrasy, precisely because he is not at all an extremist on this subject. He recognizes the influence exerted by social conditions and he rejects "the doctrine of the intellectual superiority of whites over the rest of humanity"; he finds no ground for believing that any people is warranted in oppressing, dispossessing, or exterminating any portion of mankind; the comparative brain power of the races is represented as not yet finally settled. But this exemplary caution goes hand in hand with an astonishingly extravagant credulity. He quotes himself with approval regarding the innate superiority of the Nordic in ethical endowment over the South European as proved by comparison of their conduct at marine disasters. While on one page the establishment of racial differences is made to depend on the future development of psychological experimentation, the preceding page shows a quite naive acceptance of what "unbiased observers" say about the Chinese in relation to the Japanese, about the aboriginal Peruvian superiority to the Indian of Ecuador, and so forth. "Some of these contrasts may be due to opportunity, stimulation, or social inheritance," we are told, "but surely not all." Why not all? And if so, by what objective criterion can one determine what is due to race and what to social circumstances? On this fundamental question there is complete silence. Again, the author is convinced that the famous Celtic temperament is no myth: "I believe," he says, "that the innate mental differences between Celtic Irish and 'John Bull' English or between Bretons and Normans exceed those between the Chinese of North China and the old Americans." It would be interesting to get the evidence for this bold generalization and also to have it formulated in intelligible biological terms.

It is not the position assumed by Mr. Ross that is primarily criticized here, but his short-hand method of arriving at results without disclosing their foundation and his failure to note that he is advancing mutually contradictory conceptions. While this refusal to go to the bottom of a problem, this phobia of philosophical argumentation, is typical of the theoretical portion of the book, its practical doctrines are marred by a corresponding fault. Many of them are sound enough, but they are sound to the point of being truisms meaningless without further development. Mr. Ross liberally showers us with counsels of perfection, but how to apply them in a universe far from the best conceivable is another matter. Apropos of miscegenation we read: "When precious culture elements are in danger of being diluted and finally lost by fusion, the prohibition of intermarriage is justifiable." Very well; but who is to decide when there is danger and what is precious? Again, who ever denied that all important posts in society should be manned by the talented rather than the "dunderheads." But that experimental psychology of itself will suffice to oust the numbskulls supported by privilege and their self-interest is to lay a severe tax on our optimism. To cite one more example that hardly requires comment: "In the piloting of society no valuable element should have either too little influence or too much influence."

Alike baneful from a theoretical and practical angle is Mr. Ross's conception of progress. He realizes that spiritual and social progress is not so obvious as material advancement, yet characteristically enough there is not the slightest attempt at demonstrating its reality. It never seems to have dawned upon him that other aspirations than those of Western civilization might have claims to equal consideration, and Western civilization itself appears in that somewhat specialized and attenuated form it assumes in Ottumwa and Kalamazoo from which some of us shrink in Nietzschean anguish. Passages there are, to be sure, in which the common-sense cosmopolitanism bred of travel asserts itself, but they are submerged in the habitual and essential attitude. So trivial a feature as the all-day service of the dining-cars in Russia is mentioned as an example of the inferiority of Russian standards. In the course of an extraordinary dialogue between an imaginary emotionalist and an intellectual occurs the following passage: "The emotionalist urges: 'How cruel to ostracize this girl for giving herself outside the marriage relation!' The intellectual [*sic*] queries: 'Is there any other way to keep girls from yielding to their tempters?'"

As a final sample of his thinking may be cited Mr. Ross's comments on alien religions. He completely fails to understand that the "lower" religions represent values to their votaries that are quite as definite and unassailable as those associated with our own. That "the value difference between religions is enormous" is true only in the sense that to any believer his own faith is to all others as infinity to zero. Some religions may, indeed, "embody man's highest aspirations," but I know of none that can fairly be said to "embody his animal impulses."

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In short, Mr. Ross's cardinal fault is lack of historical-mindedness. He accepts as absolute the standards found or conceived in his own social environment and seems generally incapable of a Kantian critique of their validity. One need not wonder that he brands as decadent the noble efforts of the great critical thinkers of France and elsewhere. Yet with all its defects "The Principles of Sociology" remains a work of real utility. Though the author's resolute determination not to think anything through may deter the philosophical student, the vast scope of the book with its wealth of illustrative material may well commend it to the teacher of sociology.

ROBERT H. LOWIE

Ladies and Women

The Learned Lady in England 1650-1760. By Myra Reynolds. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Working Life of Women in the Seventeenth Century. By Alice Clark. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

DOROTHY OSBORNE writes to her lover, about 1652: "The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows and sit in the shade singing of ballads." As befits a "learned lady," Dorothy is reminded of classic pastorals. Only now and then do the learned ladies throw light on the working life of their sisters. Had the Dorothy Osbornes and Dudleya Norths guessed that a twentieth century woman "research student of the London School of Economics and Political Science" would pore over household accounts, state papers, private letters, and the records of parishes, courts, and gilds, in the effort to picture woman's place in the economic organization of their day, they might have made her task easier by doing a little volunteer field work in sociology. Field work would perhaps have saved Dudleya North from that fatal "sedentary distemper" which carried her off after her conquest of Greek, Latin, and the Oriental languages. Most of the learned ladies whose achievements fill Miss Reynolds's rather formidable volume were of noble or gentle birth. A gardener's daughter or so does not destroy the general impression of class accomplishment. And though the economic motive for authorship emerges before the close of the period studied, and the desire to see themselves in print—even under a pseudonym—becomes common, their learning was mainly for the solace and delight of themselves and their circle of friends and relatives.

"Learned" signifies in seventeenth-century usage anything from the solid Anglo-Saxon scholarship of Elizabeth Elstob to a mere taste for books and a facility in the composition of slight poems. Ladies were learned if their chosen pursuits had to do with things of the mind, or if they were demanding new freedom of self-expression, new training, new opportunities. Actresses of the Restoration stage are caught in Miss Reynolds's net, because they opened up a new profession for women, though their pursuits (having to do largely with King Charles's courtiers) were far from intellectual. The accident of a favorable home environment fostered the learned lady's development. Schools for anything but deportment and trivial accomplishments—where one might learn to embroider in lively colors "four hundred new sorts of Birds, Beasts, Fish, Flyes, Worms"—were virtually non-existent. The efforts of a Mrs. Makin or a Mary Astell to organize sound education for girls did little but promote discussion. But in homes of cultured leisure, like those of the Norths or the Evelyns, a studious girl met with encouragement. An archbishop might direct her training, or a John Locke teach her divinity and philosophy. At the least, she might, like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, have the run of a fine library. Usually the "learned" bent revealed itself early. The "matchless Orinda" read the Bible through before she was four and carried away whole sermons in her memory. Amazing that her gift for gracious intercourse survived these appalling religious performances! Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson as a child inflicted grave instruction upon her playmates and "plucked all their babies to pieces." On the whole, even in favorable cases, there was little of the systematic study, the exacting mental discipline, provided even for girls a century before in several great Tudor households. Miss Reynolds sums up the period as one of beginnings, promises with few results, "a lavish sowing of seed, a steady infiltration of new ideas, a breaking up of old certainties as to woman's place in domestic and civic life, and an accumulation of examples proving women capable of the most varied aptitudes and energies."

What held back the intellectual development of women? Why (as Lady Mary wrote from the safe refuge of Italy) was no art omitted to stifle their natural reason? Why does the eccentric Duchess of Newcastle hope that her book may be received "for the good encouragement of our sex, lest in time we should grow irrational as idiots"? The reason lies partly in the firm clutch on the seventeenth-century mind, male and female, of the terse Miltonic "He for God only, she for God in him." The most advanced demanded little more for women than freedom to read and study if they so desire. Even Mrs. Makin, educational pioneer, claims only that her training will make wives more reasonably and intelligently submissive. The Marquis of Halifax, it is true, admits that a weak husband must be controlled—but with all outward deference—for his own good: "You must be very undexterous," he advises his daughter, "if when your husband shall resolve to be an Ass, you do not take care he may be your Ass." To be submissive, however intelligently, to an Ass—little intellectual stimulus there! But if the husband happened to be a man of culture, a Sir William Temple, or a Colonel Hutchinson (who saw his future wife's Latin books before he saw her face and promptly fell in love), a wife might best please her husband by developing her mind.

Miss Clark gives due weight to this doctrine of female submission in accounting for the decline in the standard of woman's education and in her social and economic position during the century. But her study reveals the operation of economic forces as well. The basis of production was beginning to shift from the still predominating "family industry" organization to the capitalistic. Family industry offered wide scope for woman's energies; the family (including servants and apprentices) was a productive unit for goods to be sold or exchanged; the workshop was within the home precincts, the family owned stock and tools. Wives of independent farmers and of husbandmen, who supplemented the family income by day labor but worked their own little plots of ground as well, fed and clothed their families—spinning wool and flax, brewing, baking, gardening, raising poultry, managing dairies, helping in the harvest. Woolen and linen thread not needed by the family was sold. In the towns the wives of craftsmen in skilled and semi-skilled trades and of shopkeepers and retailers were the business partners, assistants, and frequently successors of their husbands. Servants relieved them of mere domestic drudgery. Though specialized training in the trades was seldom given to women, there was ample scope for their general intelligence and common sense. Women were engaged in the provision trades; we read of the unruly oyster wives, tripe wives, and herb wives of London. And up and down the bad country roads went women peddlers, pack on back, and buyers and sellers of butter, eggs, and poultry. Laws to curb profiteering and prevent corners in food were often enforced against these poor women, in the interest of their strong competitors, the shopkeepers; while the "great Ingrossers," quite in the modern fashion, escaped.

The woolen industry was already organized on capitalistic lines and drew largely on women for its supply of spinsters. Women who had to depend upon their spinning for subsistence were unorganized and badly exploited, and in the frequent seasons of depression starving women and children came on the parish. Linen spinners were also mainly women, of the pauper class, recruited from the undernourished wives of the landless day laborers. Women were thus beginning to be forced into the

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open labor market, without organization or specialized training, and their product diverted from the family to the benefit of the capitalist or consumer. The sweated woman wage earner at the bottom of the scale is a portent of change. Equally significant is the appearance at the top of the parasite leisure class woman. Though the records of the century show able business women in every class (many ladies of the aristocracy managed large estates, especially during the troubled Civil War days), they also reveal a diminishing contact with business and affairs as the century progresses. Wives of men who became capitalists withdrew from productive activity. The rapid growth of wealth opened up possibilities of idleness to women of the upper class. New theories of the state made no place for women in public affairs. Fortunately considerate husbands like Pepys saw the necessity of "making" work for wives who were not always duly appreciative. Mrs. Pepys, in fact, became convinced, he tells us, that "my very keeping of the house in dirt . . . is but to find her employment and keep her within and from minding of her pleasure, which, though I am sorry to see she minds it, is true enough in a great degree."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

A Slav in the Austrian Consular Service

The Inside Story of Austro-German Intrigue: or, How the World War Was Brought About. By Dr. Joseph Goricar, formerly of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Service, and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Doubleday, Page and Company.

IN the spring of 1914 Professor William M. Sloane of Columbia University published a volume in which he ventured to depart from the field of history into the dangerous realms of prophecy so far as to say: "This [Serbia] is the land which by reason of its name and language aspires to leadership and control in the creation of the Greater Serbia. The passion for this ideal among all Serbo-Croats is a species of imperial insanity. The Serbians of little Serbia expound it in their newspapers, they set it forth in their school-books, nourishing their young on wind; it is the stock in trade of the demagogue, the theme of the rhymer, the subject of baby talk and cradle song." Before the end of that very year the age-old dream of the oppressed Slavs of Austria-Hungary and the theme of the rhymers of little Serbia had been converted into action, and the eyes of the world were opened as to the manner in which the Jugoslavs could fight and endure for the accomplishment of a national ideal. Which simply proves how far one can go wrong, even if one is a distinguished authority, in deciding off-hand that shadowy national aspirations are always vain. It is not as a scoffer, therefore, that one must approach the main theme of Dr. Goricar's interesting book—the theme of a great Pan-Slav union, reaching from Siberia to the Adriatic, from the Baltic to the Aegean. Yet it must frankly be said that it is, and probably will remain, a dream—and nothing but a dream.

Dr. Goricar tells us that the new Jugoslav state is to be the prototype for all Slavdom hereafter. But making one state out of the Southern Slavs is a very different thing from making one state out of the Southern Slavs and the Western Slavs and the Eastern Slavs. Between the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (who compose the South Slav bloc) there are, indeed, differences of religion, customs, and orthography; yet the spoken language of all three is identical, the national traditions and ideals are identical, the sufferings of the various sections of the people under foreign masters, Turk and Magyar and Austrian, have been identical, and in addition there are no geographic or economic factors which make union really difficult. But consider uniting the various nations which own themselves as Slavic; imagine, for example, a union of the Bulgars with the Serbs, of the Ruthenes with the Poles, of the Ukrainians with the Poles, of the Poles with the Russians. Not only are there present great differences in religion and in written language, but the speech of one section is entirely incomprehensible in another, there are utterly dissimilar customs and ideals, there is a history of bitter strife and persecutions, a present of jealousies and exploitations, and a future of antagonistic ambitions. With the original components of the Southern Slav bloc there have been comparatively few admixtures of alien stocks—some Turkish (but the Turkish strain is not enduring like the Semitic), some Albanian, a little Austrian, and that is about all. But literally over fifty non-Slavic stocks have mingled to a greater or less degree with the tribes that go to make up Slavdom as a whole. The Bulgars were originally Turcoman and so remain, despite their adoption of a Slav dialect; the Albanians are not Slav, and would be included in Pan-Slavia only over their undying protests; the Poles are very largely Germanized and the Serbs of Lusatia completely so. Then there has been a considerable admixture of Turkish and various Caucasian bloods in the south, of Finnish, Lithuanian, Esthonian, and a dozen other non-Slav strains in the north, of Tartar, Mongol, and Kirghiz stock (there are over four million Kirghiz dwelling compactly in the southern Siberian steppes) to the west, not to speak of the vast and widespread masses of Jews (about five millions) who cling to their religion and preserve their separate habits and ideals with the greatest persistence. Slavdom, which Dr. Goricar tells us would comprise well over a hundred and fifty million persons, is a mighty but unhomogeneous collection of peoples, and the possibility of their ever submitting to union under one strong government cannot but be considered as remote—to western European peoples, comfortably remote.

Dr. Goricar is a Jugoslav from the mountainous province of Styria, formerly a part of the Hapsburg Empire. We are informed that he entered the Austro-Hungarian consular service with the idea that as many representatives of the oppressed races as possible should have a share in executing the policies of the government under which they were forced to live. He was sent in 1907 to be Austro-Hungarian consul at Belgrade, where at that time the notorious Magyar nobleman, Count Forgach, was minister. It was while Dr. Goricar was in Belgrade that the Nastich "revelations" of supposed anti-Austrian plots were framed as a hopeful *casus belli* against Serbia; and the next year, when he was consul at Nish, Austria-Hungary turned its "temporary administration" of Bosnia-Herzegovina into outright annexation, thereby throwing the whole Slav world into a ferment and creating a situation where war was averted only by Russia's and Serbia's moderation. Apparently during the Bosnian crisis Dr. Goricar allowed some of his Slav sympathies to find expression, for he was recalled from Serbia and ordered to a quiet post at Denver, Colorado, on the eve of a third Austrian attempt to provoke war, this time by means of new "revelations" which were vouched for by a celebrated Viennese historian, Dr. Friedjung. Dr. Friedjung alleged that the Serbian Government was engaged in planning with the leaders of the Serbo-Croat Coalition party in Croatia for the overthrow of the Hapsburgs, and to support the accusation he produced a set of documents which, when published in the *Neue Freie Presse*, provoked a wave of chauvinism across the two Central Empires. The entire Serbo-Croat coalition promptly sued him for libel, but dropped the charge under pressure from the government when Dr. Friedjung admitted the documents to be forgeries and made a public retraction of his wild statements. There is no opportunity here for a review of the closely-woven chain of Germanic intrigue on which Dr. Goricar establishes his thesis that the Central Powers had determined not to postpone a decisive war with Russia and Serbia beyond 1916, and if possible to provoke it in 1914 or 1915. The various steps in the plan, culminating in the excellent opportunity for aggression furnished by the murder of the Archduke, are interestingly though repetitiously described.

Although the greater part of the historical material introduced by Dr. Goricar is not new, he manages to throw a number of fresh side-lights on the general program of the German-Austrian-Magyar war parties, especially by making use of numerous quotations from the press of Vienna and Berlin. Reliance on newspaper opinion is notoriously dangerous, but Dr.

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Goricar quotes so profusely and intelligently that his case is materially strengthened. After the extraordinary scenes in which Nastich, Forgach, Friedjung, and the other opera bouffe characters hold the center of the stage, perhaps we are most interested by the chapters dealing with the intrigues of Berlin and Vienna to prevent the formation of any sort of a Balkan confederation, even one under the influence and control of Austria. A hostile confederation of Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, and Bulgaria would have been a decided menace, and Austria determined to prevent its formation at all costs; but a confederation friendly to Austria was not considered more desirable, since in that case Austria would be somewhat embarrassed in dealing relentlessly with any member state that might be in the way when the time came to strike toward Salonica and Constantinople.

The almost inevitable bias of the author is not so much Jugoslav as Slav, so that he is able to contemplate seriously the possibility of forming the United States of Slavia and to look forward hopefully to a time when the Slav race will "surpass the western Europeans in numbers and importance." But this bias, which is quickly recognized and discounted, does not detract from the interest and instructiveness of the book; rather does it add to them, by introducing the reader into a genuine and enthusiastic Pan-Slavist atmosphere.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Foreign Rights in China

Foreign Rights and Interests in China. By Westel W. Willoughby. The Johns Hopkins Press.

PROFESSOR WILLOUGHBY very aptly describes his treatise as a handbook to the international commitments of China. The work is seriously conceived for the information of those who need to know what privileges are enjoyed by foreigners doing business in the country. It is documented from treaties and diplomatic papers and bristles with schedules and statistics, yet it has a quality that renders it easily read from beginning to end. This happy issue must be ascribed in due degree to the author's admirable style and control of his material; but while the book is a model of what a thesis should be, it possesses, besides its usefulness as a work of reference, a human interest that is altogether compelling. The subject unfolds as a national tragedy. The self-sufficient empire of a century ago, that acknowledged no rival and feared no enemy, has been bound by stipulations which have ravished it of pride, prestige, and the control of its own property. The outline of the story is by this time fairly familiar to even Western ears, but its denouement, comprised in the complex claims and preferential interests now fastened upon China, and understood by only a few in this part of the world, is nowhere more strikingly exposed than in this sober summary of conditions as they are. The situation has aspects that are pregnant with suggestion to the philosopher and statesman, and it is these that call for discussion. Principles of public law are reasonably determined among nations that exercise authority within their own borders, but (to quote the longest sentence in Professor Willoughby's book) "when, as in the case of China, we have a Power which permits the exercise within its limits of all kinds of extra-territorial rights or privileges; when there exist within its territory spheres of interest, special interests, war zones, leased territories, treaty ports, concessions, settlements, and legation quarters; when there are in force multitudes of special engagements to foreign Powers with reference to commercial and industrial rights, railways and mines, loans and currency; when two of its chief revenue services—the maritime customs and the salt tax—are under foreign overhead administrative control or direction; when the proceeds of these and other revenues are definitely pledged to meet fixed charges on foreign indebtedness; when, at various points within its borders, there are stationed considerable bodies of foreign troops under foreign command—when we have these and other phenomena all carrying with them limitations upon the free exercise by the central government of its ordinary administrative powers or its discretionary right to deal as it deems best with the individual nations with which it maintains treaty relations, we then have a condition of affairs which furnishes abundant material not only for theoretical or academic discussions by students of international jurisprudence, but for serious conflict and dispute between the nations concerned."

To add to these complications we must remember also that commitments have been made in recent years by local governors which have never been approved by the Chinese Parliament and are therefore technically illegal under the existing constitution. In these issues, where money has been received, public opinion in China is still honest enough to acknowledge financial obligations, but it protests concessions granted to foreign agents that are liens upon the natural resources of the country. Nice ethical questions are involved in undertakings assumed by irresponsible mandarins which might seem to release an upright government from recognizing obligations, but the case is made worse when it is realized that many of them have been concocted secretly, so that the government itself does not know all of its liabilities. In such instances, and in the quite indefinite meaning attached to the content of the most-favored-nation clauses in all treaties, lie sources of doubt and international disturbance.

Some idea of the wide range of the interests involved in the covenants under which China labors is obtained from a mere list of the categories examined in this solid volume. They are: Extra-territoriality, foreign commerce (including the tariff, customs administration, likin, and posts), patents, leases and settlements (including missionary rights), spheres of interest, Japanese claims and encroachments, the Open Door, foreign loans, and railway control. In countries really autonomous most of these are instantly recognized as matters of domestic concern. When they are not the state is actually a dependency of some one or more outside Powers; if of more than one they are bound sooner or later to quarrel over interpretations. One has only to follow the evolution of the items on this list to comprehend the subtle and inevitable force of economic pressure in the political world when competing nations strive for mastery in a country at once unable and unwilling to defend itself by military force. They may begin softly—as we have done—when there is no acute urgency at home, but they become greedy in time. The increment of foreign aggression in China has been due to economic need, mitigated, however, by the dangers involved in an attempt to conquer and govern such a homogeneous mass as the people of China. As the *corpus vile* among modern nations this mass has been condemned to sundry and various experiments by statesmen and capitalists of the great Powers whose cooperative action during eighty years has resulted in fashioning bonds and stipulations the like of which have never been seen before in the world's history. There it stands today, a marvel of impotence, and none so poor as to do it reverence as a nation, yet with such enormous potential strength and value that none would be allowed by the others to seize and exploit it. How long can the unstable equilibrium created by this anomalous condition endure? A triumphant Germany might have tried to incorporate its vast domain in her empire; Japan would willingly renew the ambition of Hideyoshi but for the fear of Europe and America combined against her. China may yet be parceled out when the economic pressure is severe enough to compel the harpy Powers to reach some agreement. There is time before this crisis arrives, however, for her regeneration through an effective centralized government and the administrative reforms necessary to equip a state for modern subsistence, but this must be attained by the mediation of those who have brought her to this parlous state. To help China to regain control over her domestic concerns seems to be the only alternative to awaiting the climax of partition.

FREDERICK WELLS WILLIAMS

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Treitschke's History

History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. By Heinrich von Treitschke. Volumes V, VI, and VII. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Robert M. McBride and Company.

THE completion of the translation of Treitschke's "History of Germany" finds one conjecturing how many readers the monumental work is now likely to have. In the early period of the great war when it was not considered too preposterous to speak of Bernhardi, Treitschke, and Nietzsche as the triumvirate who had corrupted modern Germany, the bare mention of the temperamental Berlin professor's name was a signal for heated argument. Whatever he had written was sure to be read with keen interest and interpreted in the light of current events. Now, however, people are too much involved in the lamentable sequelae of the war to care to probe much into its causes, proximate or remote. But no matter what its reception, it is well that the translation has been carried through to the end; the work ought long since to have been available for English-speaking readers. On the whole, the translators have performed their task acceptably. It is assuredly no easy matter to give an adequate rendering into a foreign language of a writer who, as is sometimes said, combined the prophetic eloquence of Carlyle with the sprightly clearness of Macaulay. No one would claim for a moment that Eden and Cedar Paul have achieved this unparalleled result. But their translation runs smoothly enough and does not often suggest the foreign idiom.

The introductions to the various volumes by William Harbutt Dawson, summarizing admirably the contents and pointing out the salient qualities of Treitschke as they appear in connection with the various periods, almost render the work of a reviewer superfluous. For an Englishman writing about one of his country's arch-enemies Mr. Dawson is singularly unbiased. He does, indeed, rebuke Treitschke for "ill-conditioned snarling at England," but he recognizes unstintingly his insight, acuteness, and complete mastery of his material. One simply does not look for impartiality or inclusive sympathy in Treitschke. He was by nature too dogmatic and intensely subjective for that; when he wrote he nearly always had a theory to substantiate, a prejudice to humor, or a pet aversion to gratify. His frank object was patriotic edification. He said in the preface to the edition of 1889: "I write for Germans. Much water will flow down the Rhine before foreigners will permit us to speak of our country with the pride which has ever characterized the treatises on national history composed by Englishmen or by Frenchmen." Treitschke could not conceive of Prussia ever being in the wrong or of any other country being in the right if it refused to accept the Prussian view of things. All this we must put down to his excess of patriotism and not allow it to detract from our appreciation of his vigor, eloquence, and enthusiasm, his powerful characterizations, and the many sagacious reflections which are interspersed through a narrative which with all its weight and erudition nevertheless continues always to march with a sure tread.

Volume V in the translation covers a comparatively short period—the several years immediately preceding and following the Revolution of July, 1830. Questions of present-day import such as the status of Belgium, Polish independence, the position of Schleswig-Holstein, are here discussed in their beginnings. One notes in passing a characteristic remark of Treitschke's: "Small states are apt to appear ridiculous, for the state is power, and weakness stultifies itself immediately should it attempt to masquerade as power." There is no word of rebuke for German rulers whose idea of statesmanship was to allow grievances to accumulate indefinitely at compound interest. Of course, an exception is made in the case of Austria, which as the hostile rival of Prussia lay outside the range of Treitschke's Germanic sympathies. He exults in the blindness of the Austrian rulers in sacrificing to Prussia, in return for the simulacrum of political hegemony, the real fruits of economic predominance and the control of federal defense. "There had come into existence two organizations within the Germanic Federation: a fictitious Germany centered in Frankfort and a Germany of honest work centered in Berlin."

The most attractive chapter is the one dealing with the radical, semi-journalistic agitation known as the Young Germany movement. All the "advanced" thought of the thirties respecting politics, sociology, religion, and ethics, may be included under the title. As might be expected, Treitschke issues a harsh and sweeping condemnation of the whole movement. He avers that the minds of the new generation were so corroded by the evil influences of French culture that "the most outstanding product of Protestant Germany, the reconciliation of liberty with piety, was now altogether beyond their understanding." He does not even try to be just to Heine, who is the head and front of the offending tendencies. Heine, he says, possessed "what the Jews have in common with the French, gracefulness of vice which makes even the base and the odious seem alluring for a moment." And again he asserts, referring to the attacks of Börne and Heine upon Prussian reaction: "The Aryan nations have their Thersites and their Loki, but such a character as Ham, who uncovered his father's nakedness, is known only to Jewish saga." "When we speak German," said Goethe in a morose moment, "we lie if we are polite." For Treitschke the radicalism of Young Germany may be summed up in the outrageous paradoxes: property is theft, God is sin, marriage is unchastity. He is the true progenitor of Adolf Bartels and other German anti-Semites of today, much more surely than he is the progenitor of certain other offspring ascribed to him in a great many quarters.

The sixth volume, dealing in the main with German home policy from 1830 to 1845, particularly in its political aspects, is the least interesting of the three which lie before us. Even steady economic progress cannot be made dramatic if it is accompanied by political stagnation. It is a striking merit in Treitschke that he had the courage to lay bare the weakness of the character of Frederick William IV of Prussia, who, he asserts, understood his own heart as little as he understood the hearts of others. The grotesque flirtations of that romantically minded monarch with the Roman Catholic church come in for unsparing ridicule. Treitschke thinks that the uprising of '48 might have been averted if only Prussia and Bavaria had been ruled by men of greater sagacity. The destruction in 1831 of the independence of Cracow, which had been guaranteed by treaty, gives rise to this characteristic comment: "The eternal progress of human affairs cannot be stayed by the letter of treaties."

In the concluding volume the author brings before us the portents of revolution. It seems at first glance like a cruel irony that he had to lay aside his pen just as he was about to tell the story of 1848. That year manifestly marks the parting of the ways for Germany. Should she now go forward consciously and resolutely as a standard-bearer of intellectual and political progress, or fall back still further into the morass of stagnation and obscurantism? Left to themselves the Germans would unquestionably have chosen the worthier and safer alternative. But that is precisely the last conclusion in the world that Treitschke would ever have drawn. His version of the Revolution of 1848, if it had ever been written, would have been a demonstration of the futility of liberalism and of all other forms of idealism in politics. It would have been an additional heavy item on the debit side of the account when his influence came to be summed up. For it was a great misfortune, as later years were to show, that in Treitschke's brilliant masterpiece the Germans saw themselves idealized, their achievements magnified, their importance and place in the world and the community of nations distorted and thrown out of balance.

W. K. STEWART

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The Irreconcilable Blind

Bolshevism: An International Danger. By Paul Miliukov. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sovietism. By William English Walling. E. P. Dutton and Company.

WHEN the Russian revolution broke out and different groups and parties endeavored to organize the first provisional government, there was much discussion about the distribution of portfolios; on one point, however, there was nearly no discussion: it was generally conceded that Paul Miliukov was the only man fit to occupy the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. True, he had his old *idée fixe*, the idea of the acquisition of Constantinople by Russia, but it was confidently hoped that he would understand the new situation created by the revolution and would give up the "liberal imperialism" which he had learned from his political friend Sir Edward Grey. Unfortunately, Miliukov the historian and public man, Miliukov the eloquent orator of the Duma platform and leader of a powerful political party, proved to be a very poor statesman; less than two months after the revolution he was compelled to resign, and he left behind him a reputation as a short-sighted and stubborn politician who could not see the woods for the trees. One might say that as soon as the Czar was overthrown Miliukov lost his social vision. Those who heard his utterances in favor of a monarchy with Nicholas II's brother as its head, or witnessed his practical politics during the revolution, could not believe that this really was Miliukov who now did such strange things.

Now, after a long period of silence, Miliukov has written a book. It was to be expected that far from Russia, in the obscurity of private life in Great Britain, Miliukov might have regained his old masterful qualities as thinker and observer. But in this respect his book proves a disappointment. He denies that it is in the nature of a capitalistic state to be imperialistic and to menace the peace of the world: "Not capitalism in itself, but the exclusively national system of capitalistic production is dangerous." At the same time he refuses to see anywhere but in imperial Germany such an "exclusively national" system of production. On one page he says that "the first [Russian] revolution was national and patriotic and was led by the Duma representatives"; and six pages later he forgets this and confesses: "The Duma was prepared to deal with a dynastic overthrow [Miliukov called it revolution]. . . . The Czar decided to dissolve the Duma. At that very moment, but without any connection with the dissolution of the Duma, a real revolution broke out, starting from different sources and basing itself on forces differing from such as had been confidently expected by the Duma."

Miliukov pays little or no attention to the political conditions and economic factors which are now prevailing in the world. He attributes everything to the wickedness and corruption of the Bolshevist leaders, who, Miliukov still insists, were paid German agents. He tries to prove that they demoralized the Russian army, that their chief goal was to corrupt the soldiers' minds, and that in this they succeeded. Yet a few chapters later he again confesses: "I personally as a member of the Duma received many letters from soldiers at the front which proved that the demoralization of the army had already begun before the revolution of March, 1917"—when no Bolshevist leaders were to be found on the territory of Russia.

The documentation, too, lacks accuracy and power of conviction: many quotations from Geneva and Zürich correspondents to the London *Times* and *Morning Post* based on anonymous "absolutely reliable sources" "prove" that Lenin was an agent of William II. From these facts Miliukov draws the conclusion that in financing the German Spartacists "the Bolsheviks were repaying the German 'capitalists' who supplied them with money for their original propaganda and 'direct action.'" Again, not the stress and strain of the war and the Versailles

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peace animated extremism in Germany, but Lenin. Miliukov quotes another "fact" which is of special interest for the American reader. Colonel Raymond Robins brought with him from Russia a carload of platinum—apparently as a Bolshevist compensation for services rendered. This is the sort of "facts" given by Miliukov. Beyond any doubt, he here renders a great service to the Bolshevist cause by using "propaganda stuff" which is so easy to refute. One might expect from a man like Miliukov a sounder criticism of Bolshevism, because it can and must be criticized from an entirely different angle. The Machiavellian and Hobbesian principles of Bolshevist philosophy; the centralized, omnipotent, bureaucratic, though socialist state; the suppression of individual initiative; the almost blind devotion to mass movement which is at times bound to become the movement of a mob—all these elements are easy to criticize and easy to denounce; but Miliukov does not even mention them, much less apply to them the analysis which his hostility to Bolshevism might have suggested.

The famous Winnipeg strike, the recent American miners' strike, the general economic unrest and political instability in the New and the Old Worlds, are all interpreted alike: Bolshevist propaganda! As if national economic and political life were such a percarious thing that every propagandist, every soap-box orator could shatter the very foundation of social equilibrium! As if only propaganda were the cause of the decline of Greece or Rome and the Holy Roman Empire and of Old Europe of today, and not the weakness and wickedness of cultures and social orders!

The book is nevertheless interesting as a document which helps us to study the psychology of those of the old world who witness their own passing. Miliukov is at times very sincere. Thus he reports: "When asked by Prince Lvov, I told him that a strong power, which would necessitate a policy like that of Noske's, must be established." "I refused to agree," he confesses further, "to the so-called policy of 'peace without annexations and contributions' on the self-determination principle because I knew there was German intrigue and the spirit of Zimmerwald behind it." The same German and Zimmerwald spirit is discovered by Miliukov even among the Kerensky and Menshevik parties, because at the reception of Albert Thomas and Arthur Henderson in Petrograd their speeches were continually intercepted by queries "What about Ireland? and India? and Morocco?" To plead the cause of Egypt, Miliukov says, is to carry on the old German and Bolshevist plan of sowing revolt among the British colonial subjects. Analyzing the testimonies of "professional men in the intelligence service," Messrs. Tunney and Archibald Stevenson, Miliukov concludes: "In the United States as well as in other Allied countries, but in far larger measure than elsewhere, the Bolshevist activities, just as the Irish, the Indian, the Canadian, are closely interwoven with the previous anti-Ally and pro-German propaganda."

Mr. Walling, too, in his "Sovietism" fails to attack Bolshevism in its weakest point and repeats and emphasizes the same charges of pro-Germanism and anti-Britishism. But *quod licet Jovi non licet bovi.* What Miliukov may say Mr. Walling has hardly the right to say, because he does not possess even a fraction of the facts which Miliukov has observed. Nine-tenths of the book is made up of quotations taken chiefly from the hostile press. With bare quotations one can easily prove that Jesus Christ was a monarchist or else an anarchist. It is worthy of note that Mr. Walling seems to have found one of the clues of Bolshevist philosophy: he emphasizes the militarization of industry which took place in some parts of Russia and which is incompatible with the principle of industrial democracy. It is really a strong point, and one should begin with it; but unfortunately Mr. Walling mentions it only accidentally and then again dives into the characteristic anti-Bolshevist hysteria, which actually denounces anything but Bolshevism and renders a service to anything but democracy and reconciliation.

GREGORY ZILBOORG

The Politician of the Middle Valley

Life of Walter Quintin Gresham, 1832-1895. By Matilda Gresham. Rand, McNally & Company.

"Marse Henry": An Autobiography. By Henry Watterson. George H. Doran Company.

My Quarter Century of American Politics. By Champ Clark. Harper & Brothers.

THESE three heroes of history, Gresham, Watterson, and Champ Clark, belong to the middle valley formed by the Ohio and Missouri rivers. They are descended from those pioneers, Scotch-Irish, German, and English, who crossed the Virginia mountains at the close of the eighteenth century and settled in Tennessee and Kentucky, whence two of the families, the Greshams and Clarks, made their way to Indiana and Missouri, respectively. This middle valley has passed through experiences that have made it less partisan and more tolerant than other sections. When the slavery issue in the middle of the last century became acute, there were not to be found here the irreconcilables of New England and Louisiana. On both sides of the Ohio and along the Missouri Valley lived men familiar with slavery in its milder aspects.

It was in the environment of this middle valley that all three of these historic figures grew up. The shadow of the "War between the States," the popular name for the struggle in this region, hung over all three of the men and darkens many pages of the narratives. Mr. Clark, being only a boy during the war, passes over the story rather lightly; but Mrs. Gresham in the life of her husband and Mr. Watterson in his autobiography devote many pages to this greatest episode in the history of the valley; and both attempt to correct popular misconceptions by a more tolerant interpretation of the attitude of both sides. Gresham was a brigadier general in the Union army and Watterson an officer in the Confederate; their boyhood and young manhood were passed under the threat and actuality of armed strife.

Although the three men differ widely in character, education, and experience, they all express the same tolerance toward their opponents, even the most partisan of them. Mr. Clark is excessive in his admiration of his Republican friends and has slight criticism of their policies. His may be the typical attitude of the politician; still he, as did the two others, breathed in the air of the Ohio Valley, where only the breadth of a river divided the land of freedom from that of slavery and where men learned by wholesome fear of the pistol shot a respect for the opinions of others.

The clause "fear of the pistol shot" is not used in a metaphorical sense, for in the middle valley it was a very real factor in forming public opinion. All three works give evidence that frontier methods of settling disputes passed only yesterday from this land, if it can be said to have passed; and all seem to take it for granted that such sudden endings of disputes belong to the natural order of things. Mrs. Gresham tells the story of a lawyer being shot down at her husband's side by "a delicate, silent young man but a thorough gentleman." "Marse Henry's" notices of such shootings are frequent, and he says that the common knowledge of his own prowess with the gun kept some of the readers of his newspaper from violent assault. Mr. Clark's memories of bloody encounters are very vivid, scenes of bloodshed having been frequent in his life almost from babyhood, and he describes them with great gusto. When still a boy he viewed with interest the swinging bodies of victims of a lynching. The Speaker of the House vouchsafes us this picture of himself in his first campaign for congressman in 1892: "We both (the candidates) went armed to the teeth, expecting a shooting match every time we met, but the very fact that we did expect it, I think, prevented it."

As books, these memoirs are crude and in their crudities represent the undeveloped side of the masses of this middle valley. The men have lived and lived hard; so it is thought

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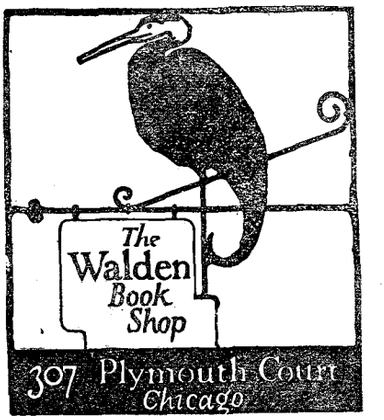
they have something worth saying. Unfortunately neither Mrs. Gresham nor the two men possess the literary ability to write a narrative filling two volumes. In all three cases the unity of the narrative is badly jumbled; a literary hack, hired to revise the manuscripts, would have cut them down from a third to a half and with ease have straightened out the illogical arrangements, the crudities of the paragraphs, the vain repetitions, and tiresome platitudes. Not all of the errors noticed may be explained by the garrulousness of old age. Clark's fitness for a literary career was assured by the fact that the reading of Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry" marked a turning-point in his career and by his admiration of Senator Vest's "Eulogy on the Dog"; he calls it a "gem of oratory."

It might be expected that the books would be failures as literary productions, but certainly they should be replete with political information. In this also the reader is for the most part disappointed. Mr. Watterson's judgment of most of the men he describes would not require greater familiarity with them and their careers than could be obtained at a dinner party or at a poker game; his picture of President Cleveland engaged in the latter diversion is both interesting and enlightening; but in most of his portraits Mr. Watterson's pen has failed him. He is at his best in describing the Liberal Republican Convention that nominated Horace Greeley, and his portrait of the candidate has in it much to praise, and the account of the Tilden campaign with its aftermath is also well told. Strange to say he has little good to say of the two Democratic presidents, Cleveland and Wilson. There is in Mr. Clark's autobiography little more of real information than could be obtained in any good textbook on the history and civil government of the country. An exception should be made of his account of the fight, which he himself led, against the Speaker's usurpation of power. This portion of the book is well worth reading, and historians will also find his narration of the Baltimore convention of value. The objectivity of his story is well exhibited by the following quotation: "It was on the fourteenth ballot that William Jennings Bryan violated his instructions and by base and false insinuations—to use no uglier word—robbed me of the nomination to which I was entitled by all the rules of decency, justice, honesty, common sense, and fair dealing."

Mrs. Gresham's life of her husband is of much more value as far as political and economic information is concerned than the two other works. The greater part of her two volumes is devoted to Gresham's career in the army and on the bench, in both of which Mrs. Gresham justly takes great pride. She gives a very full and satisfactory account of Gresham's decisions in the railway cases, in particular that concerning the Wabash Railroad, and in his execution of receiverships. Still there are many pages devoted to distinctly political matters. The story of local politics in southern Indiana is illuminating; but more general interest will be found in the chapters concerned with national politics. The story grows fuller of political interest with the account of the Republican convention of 1888 at which Gresham was placed in nomination for the presidency. Mrs. Gresham relates a most interesting inside history of the convention and asserts that her husband, if he had been willing to make terms with Senators Platt and Quay, would have been nominated. Gresham's experiences at the convention drove him slowly into the opposition and prepared him to accept the appointment as Secretary of State when Cleveland was elected. The appointment did not meet the approval of Champ Clark, who writes: "The unalloyed joy of Democrats was of short duration. March the 5th President Cleveland announced his Cabinet, and thereby slapped every Democrat betwixt the two seas squarely in the face by appointing General Walter Q. Gresham, of Chicago, Secretary of State. The appointment had the effect of an ice-bath upon the enthusiasm of old, battle-scarred Democrats—who believed that the election of 1892 was a Democratic triumph, pure and simple."

CLARENCE W. ALVORD.



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Nationalization

The Case for Nationalization. By A. Emil Davies. London: George Allen and Unwin, Limited.

THE position of A. Emil Davies is unusual even in England. He is general manager of the British, Foreign, and Colonial Banking Corporation, a successful "City man," an authority in financial writing, a member of the London County Council, and chairman of the Railway Nationalization Society. When he is not organizing skilful amalgamations or describing ripe plums in investment, he is pushing the mass mind on to ever-increasing areas of socialism. It was pleasant to see him at the Coal Industry Commission. The coal owners had "nothing on him"; he is an "insider" in their world. They attempted a little cross-examination and found it disastrous, and "dropped" him, as Dodson and Fogg dropped Samuel Weller. It was then that he volunteered the secret of why he, a financier, was backing British labor against high finance and big business. The reason is that, in his opinion, public ownership and democratic management mean better finance and business. With the old game played out, the old order interred, it is the job of a practical man to help in creating the new social order. To the coal owners he said: "It is quite conceivable that the miners or the railway workers might ask more than the conditions of an industry justify. But so long as you have all this capital-mongering, they feel that the industry is making millions. Let those profits be pooled over the whole industry, as they would be if it were nationalized, with their representatives on the Board of Management, so that they know that there was no hanky-panky; it would be possible to show the miners and the railway workers that there did come a point when they were asking more than the industry really could stand. I am thinking of the trade and industry of this country, which is dependent on cheap coal. If you nationalize this particular industry, you will bring the workers to what you may call a reasonable frame of mind."

This off-hand reply of Mr. Davies can be taken as the text of his published work. His latest book, "The Case for Nationalization," is an underscoring of "The Collectivist State in the Making." Alderman Davies believes in private enterprise, but he sees that with certain vital services and industries the profit-making incentive becomes a hindrance to social development. Profit-making has brought mines and railways to low efficiency. The great organized groups of workers will no longer give high production in a system which pays profits to a small group, partly non-producing. Mr. Davies wishes to avoid a class war. "Mixing as I do with men occupying leading positions in finance and business, I was appalled at the depth of class feeling that was evidenced" in the railway strike. He analyzes the "public," and finds it to be "considerably less than one-fourth of the population." From a lifetime of experience as a master in the modern business world, he has no illusions about the governing class. "This class is, on the whole, incompetent and not even educated. How is it that the man who in business may have risen to the top proves, when he assumes office in a Government department, to be just as inept as his brother at the War Office and his cousin at the Home Office? Because, directly the searchlight of publicity is thrown upon him, his weaknesses are revealed." The book is filled with illustrations of community-owned undertakings. If any responsible person differs with Mr. Davies, he has before him the material on which Mr. Davies formed an opinion. He must disprove the facts, or point to a hiatus in the induction. There are lively chapters on The Right to Strike, The Workers' Share in Management, The Press. Men like Emil Davies, Sidney Webb, Seebohm Rowntree, R. H. Tawney, Justice Sankey, Bertrand Russell, each in his kind, contribute a spirit and an intelligence which are enabling England to make a vast social change without violence and paralysis.

ARTHUR GLEASON

A Conservative on the League

American World Policies. By David Jayne Hill. George H. Doran Company.

"IT is not," says Mr. Hill, "my purpose here to frame policies," and this comes much nearer describing the book than does the title. It is, to all intents and purposes, an analytical discussion—a destructive analysis—of the Covenant of the League of Nations. As such it should be welcome to all thinking Americans, whatever their attitude, for it comes near being the only pamphlet on the subject that bears comparison with the papers advocating the adoption of the Constitution which we combine under the title "The Federalist."

Mr. Hill does not, indeed, quite rise to Hamilton, Madison, and Jay. He does not avoid the tone of personal rancor that President Wilson seems always to excite. The chapter Nations and the Law is surprising in its historical statements and innocent in its logic. International law is extolled both as "natural" and "created through the treaty-making power." "Here is a process by which a complete system of world-law can eventually be created; and it can be accomplished as soon as the Great Powers are prepared to act under a rule of law." Has the learned doctor forgotten his "History of Diplomacy" and the occasional insistence by two Powers upon the existence of such a law, even while fighting vigorously over what it was? He also thinks "one simple sentence . . . would have provided all the guaranty necessary for [the Peace Treaty's] execution; . . . that any attempt to evade the obligations of the treaty . . . would be regarded as an offense to all of them." Is the doctor an impractical idealist who thinks each of the allies would have scorned a generous ransom somewhat conditioned on winking at a scanted payment to another?

What is really deep down in his heart is concern over the Constitution of the United States. This he finds endangered, first, by President Wilson's handling of the Treaty, particularly his disregard for the Senate, and, secondly, by the League itself. This negative part is well done and thoroughly worth consideration. He presents no alternative proposal, and while he expresses himself as favoring some kind of international association, there is no evidence of conviction with regard to it. His ideal of procedure apparently would have been to make peace, then to have a world conference to formulate international law—or rather to accept the American interpretation of it—and then to draw up articles of association to administer it. It is doubtful whether he is unduly optimistic or cynically pessimistic as to the outcome of such a procedure. On pages 184-190 he seems to doubt whether any form of self-government can evolve a real foreign policy; on page 90 he says: "In truth, by whatever name it may be called, whether 'League' or 'Alliance,' such an association has no value except as it is in fact an entente and continues to be one." On the other hand, he says that the world-community which he admits to exist today can, unlike other communities, maintain its peace "upon the principle of free cooperation under the regulation of accepted law," without a government. He is undoubtedly an anarchist in international affairs, but one remains in doubt whether he is a cheerful anarchist looking to the perfectibility of nations, or a doleful one advising the only perfect nation to avoid contamination from the rest.

Mr. Hill, then, opposes the Treaty from the point of view of the conservative. It is the League that disturbs him and not the Treaty of Peace, with regard to which he seems to regret chiefly that Germany was not forced to surrender unconditionally. His discussion, while at times heated and failing in logic, is thoughtful and provokes thought. It seems much in the spirit of the Republican platform. Sixty pages of appendix contain the Covenant of the League, the Senate reservations, and other documents.

C. R. FISH

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The Advancing Hour

The Advancing Hour. By Norman Hapgood. Boni and Liveright.

MR. HAPGOOD'S observations take a wide range—too wide, in fact, to permit him to expand any topic very much or to enter with any fulness into details. The advancing hour which he studies, like all the hours that have been, holds wealth of light and shade; and one who would comprehend at all the world which is being revealed must turn his eyes all too rapidly from point to point, happy if in doing so he does not lose all sense of a common ground, a common effort, and a common hope. One needs courage, too; and courage, as it happens, is the note which Mr. Hapgood strikes first of all. The world which he examines is a world in revolution; and for those who, in the trying years through which we have of late been passing, sought refuge in the "storm cellar" of silence, evasion, or weak submission to the demands of surcharged patriots and bitter-enders, he has no kind words. Then there was the "blockade of thought," when men who knew better fancied that they did God and country an honorable service by lying, by concealing the truth, by painting every enemy black and every patriot white, and by besmirching the character and the intelligence of all who ventured dissent. To this dark spot, also, Mr. Hapgood points with mingled sarcasm and contempt. And were they not indeed rather a sorry lot, these liberals and intellectuals, during the war?

But the war is over, and there are other issues now. Broadly speaking, the issues are two: the relations between classes and the relations between states. The dangers of the new nationalism which has sprung from the war are, in Mr. Hapgood's opinion, so great that they can be overcome only by a league of nations; and he is still for the Versailles League, even with its defects, as the only practicable step toward the more perfect internationalism which in time may be worked out. We have a feeling that in this he is hoping against hope, for he frankly admits that "for the desirable issue of the conflict between the classes the outlook is much more promising than is the outlook for preventing further conflicts between the nations." Turning hopefully, then, to the economic field, he finds in the program of the British Labor Party a basis upon which all liberals may stand. That leads him naturally to hope for a new political party in this country which shall represent social and industrial needs. With Russia as an object-lesson, however, he is less sure of socialism than he is of cooperation as a remedy for present ills. Russia, indeed, appears to be quite the larger item in Mr. Hapgood's range of interest, one-fourth of his book being devoted to a long chapter in which he discusses "our follies in Russia," the issue of Bolshevism, and the achievements of cooperation.

In the chapter entitled The Answer of Liberalism Mr. Hapgood sums up his economic creed. Private capital in some form will remain. Labor will insist upon regular employment, safety, and a share with capital in management. How large the share shall be will depend upon circumstances, but there must continue to be saving for capital, and there should be a minimum of government control. The chapter is a fair enough statement of a common liberal position so far as it goes; yet we feel bound to say that anyone who today really accepts mere liberalism as a creed is halting between two faiths—an old one which he has all but rejected and a new one which he has not quite embraced. We would not do Mr. Hapgood an injustice, however. Writing out of a long and varied experience as student, author, editor, and public man, and with an enviable record of courage in championing good causes and opposing wrong, he is trying only to analyze a period of transition. There are unhappily many who will find even his moderate progressivism too vigorous for their blood, but we suspect that historians will characterize as an advance the hour which he has described.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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Steel and Oak

Potterism. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright.
One After Another. By Stacy Aumonier. The Macmillan Company.

"POTTERISM" has had a very uncommon reception in literary London with Frank Swinnerton leading the chorus of praise; it is quite likely that that reception will be duplicated in New York and Chicago. Whether, on the other hand, the great middle class reading public will be either stirred or stung by Miss Macaulay's gay yet ultimately tragic satire, remains to be seen. To call a man yellow in Peking would cause no commotion though you shouted at the top of your voice. To denounce Potterism in Birmingham or Topeka may leave large and respectable populations unmoved. Matthew Arnold had his battle with Potterism and barely scratched its hide; aesthetes and philosophers innumerable have sped their little arrows. The monster plunges on. Northcliffe or Ochs is in the saddle or—Bulmer or Potter. For Potterism is but another name for Philistinism, the same old human lust for "second-rate sentimentalism and cheap short-cuts and mediocrity" and "muddle and cant." But through the mouth of Arthur Gideon, her central figure, Miss Macaulay gives what is, perhaps, the completest and most incisive brief description on record. "Potterism has, for one of its surest bases, fear. The other bases are *ignorance, vulgarity, mental laziness, sentimentality,* and greed. The ignorance which does not know facts, the vulgarity which cannot appreciate values, the laziness which will not try to learn either of these things, the sentimentality which, knowing neither, is stirred by the valueless and the untrue; the greed which grabs and exploits. But fear is the worst. The fear of public opinion, the fear of scandal, the fear of independent thought, of loss of position, of discomfort, of consequences, of truth."

A group of young men and women set out to fight Potterism. Among them, honestly convinced, are John and Jane, offspring of the great newspaper magnate Potter and of his wife Leila Yorke, the novelist, who shares the popularity of Ethel Dell and Florence Barclay. The rest are Juke, who seeks an untrodden path to the ancient goal of Christian freedom, Katherine Varick, a new woman with a very old ache in her soul, and the half Jewish journalist Arthur Gideon, who, having a really incorruptible mind, is forced to play a Laodicean's part amid the fevered factions of the world and is killed because he wears no badge but that of humanity and has no party but the truth itself. Jane and John, though on a slightly higher plane, revert to type. Ease and worldly success seduce both. And that, indeed, is what makes Potterism so supremely insidious. The intoxication of the world's applause, the softness of creature comforts, are on its side. Once in a while the Potterite pays—as in war. But since the child of light pays too, and pays, in addition, for something he never wanted, his earthly reward is reduced to the satisfaction of his own mind. No wonder his kind is rare.

Miss Macaulay's narrative technique shares the keenness and distinction of her intellectual outlook. Each section of the book is told by one of its characters and thus the characterization is of a rare completeness and inwardness. The section written by Leila Yorke is masterly in its revelation of a third-rate mind rendered impenetrable by the shoddy goodness of its own intentions. But from the various narratives there arises not only a picture of these conflicting minds; there arises also a swift and tragic action saved from any taint of melodrama by a constant scrupulousness in the treatment of the psychical values involved. Thus Miss Macaulay's book is both brilliant and skilful, a notable story and an incisive criticism of life.

Mr. Aumonier has returned to the sources in life and art from which he drew his early stories. He has broadened his scene and enlarged his range of characters. But his essential method is that of "The Friends," and so "One After Another" is easily the best novel he has written. Despite the exploits of the glowing and pathetic Laura, the book is a quiet one. But its quietude is that which comes from a deep absorption in the common and concrete things of life. Once more Mr. Aumonier has his early solidity, his sane earthiness, his thick and crusty masses of reality. What, in the end, affects the mind most strongly is the picture of The Duchess of Pless, the old public house in Camden Town, and the life and death of Purbeck the publican. Purbeck is almost the last of his kind. The world, as his children who love him feel very clearly, cannot endure him any more. Even in his own time the stiff-necked old Puritan caused himself and others endless and needless misery. But Mr. Aumonier has made him a massive and memorable figure—hale, earth-rooted, carved as of oak.

Purbeck, queerly enough, married a Spanish woman, and his two children felt the effect both of that anomalous marriage and of the changing world into which they were plunged. Tom goes through life well enough, though with adventures along the road that would have sickened his father; Laura tarnishes the beauty that was in her—the inner beauty of her mother untempered by her father's strength—and becomes all healthless body and ruined nerves. A third generation appears in the person of Tom's daughter—a cooler, clearer, better-poised generation that will know how to live far more competently than the distracted children of the old publican. By this sharp definition of the generations blended with his brooding sense of life's fundamental continuance, Mr. Aumonier has made his book as suggestive as it is entertaining and as philosophical as it is concrete.

L. L.

Notable Fall Books

AMERICAN PROBLEMS

Canby, H. S. Everyday Americans. Century.
Chafee, Zechariah, Jr. Freedom of Speech. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Erskine, John. Democracy and Ideals. Doran.
Fosdick, R. B. American Police Systems. Century.
Friedman, E. P. (editor). America and the New Era. Dutton.
Kerlin, R. T. The Voice of the Negro. Dutton.
Meiklejohn, Alexander. The Liberal College. Marshall Jones.
Stevens, Doris. Jailed for Freedom. Boni and Liveright.
Storey, Moorfield. Problems of Today. Houghton Mifflin.
Thompson, F. U. The Schooling of the Immigrant. Harper.

ART, ARCHAEOLOGY, MUSIC.

Brangwyn, Frank. Book Plates. Lippincott.
Dana, Ethel N. (editor). The Story of Jesus: Pictures from Paintings by Giotto, Fra Angelico, etc. Marshall Jones.
Dickins, Guy. Hellenistic Sculpture. Oxford University Press.
Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Vol. VI. American Supplement. Macmillan.
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